THE LIFE STORY OF THE EX-CROWN PRINCESS OF SAXONY

Told by Herself and Related by WILLIAM LE QUEUX

PRINCE ERNST, ONE OF THE EX-CROWN PRINCESS' SONS.

The ex-Crown Princess of Saxony relates her adventures after Monsieur Giron helped her to put her enemies off the track, and their frantic search for her. Monsieur Giron got a friend in Brussels to send off a wire—presumably for the Princess—saying that she was on her way home.

I CONFESS that after sending that misleading telegram to be despatched from Brussels something within me told me I had taken a false step. But remember that never before had I lived as one of the people. I had always been hemmed in by the royal entourage, and to such an extent that in Dresden it was a breach of Court etiquette for me to deign to enter a shop. Such an action would have been deemed vulgar by the King and his wily sycophants.

Late that afternoon alone in my bare and rather shabby sitting-room Monsieur Giron sat down to discuss matters with me. Poldo was engaged with his red-headed charmer, the peasant girl, who had been thrust upon me. I was annoyed and took no further interest in her, for I had too many of my own affairs to consider.

"I regret to say it," said Monsieur Giron presently, "but I fear your Imperial Highness has taken a false step by summoning me here. Will it not give colour to the allegations against us both?"

"I think not," I reassured him. "In Dresden they believe that you are still in Paris, and that I am there also. The telegram will mislead them."

"But eventually they will discover us. The German police are, as you know, ubiquitous."

"They may be," I said boldly. "But we shall win. The Kaiser's plot shall not succeed against you or myself. Neither of us are Germans."

Monsieur Giron sat looking very grave.

"I regret deeply, your Imperial Highness, for the sake of your children, if any action of mine may have been against your interests," he said at last. "I know how very eager the Baron and von Fritsch are to misconstrue our friendliness."

"Yes," I said. "They are the paid creatures of the Emperor, and as such must act even against their will."

"But what can we do? How can we act?" asked my son's tutor, leaning upon the arm of the shabby cretonne-covered easy-chair.

"I care nothing for what the world may say," I replied in desperation. "I know that we are both platonic friends, that there is a plot, a deep conspiracy, cunningly conceived by the All-Highest against us both, either to brand me as an unfaithful wife or as a lunatic. My determination is to defy the Emperor. I have done so through these past years, and I will still continue."

He looked very straight at me in silence.

"In that case your Imperial Highness will require my assistance," he said.

Frantic Search for Me.

While we were hiding in Geneva, undecided how next to act, the greatest consternation was caused at the Palace when Herr von Tümping, the Chamberlain, received the telegram announcing my homecoming.

To the station carriages were sent to meet the train, but I did not arrive. Wild telegrams were sent all along the line inquiring for me, but all in vain. The King grew frantic, and, calling my husband, declared angrily that at all hazards I must be found. In turn he appealed to the Kaiser and spoke to him over the telephone, with the result that the whole machinery of the German Secret Service was set in motion in order to discover the whereabouts of my unfortunate self.

It appears that on these days prior to the receipt of my telegram Baron von Metzsch and Frau von Fritsch, together with two of my maids, two footmen, and a quantity of my luggage had arrived in Brussels in the hope of finding me. Everything was being done to prevent an open scandal. The papers were publishing bulletins concerning my health, and the public believed that I had caught a chill. In Saxony not a soul outside the Court knew that I had left Dresden.

The Brussels police searched every hotel and pension, but in vain. Baron von Metzsch, knowing that I was on friendly terms with King Leopold of Belgium, called at the Palace to inquire for me, and saw His Majesty, who, being in sympathy with me, refused to give any assistance, though, of course, he didn't know what had become of me.

Five days later, while with Monsieur Giron, I was crossing the Pont du Mont Blanc, in Geneva, when we had the ill-luck to encounter a woman named Gräfin von Erdödf, who lived in Budapest and often visited at the Dresden Court.

That she recognised me was quite apparent, but I did not tell Monsieur Giron until we returned to the hotel.

"If that woman recognised us, then she will no doubt at once telegraph to Dresden," he said in that quiet manner of his.

"What shall we do?" I asked in dismay.

"All we can do must result in the same end," he replied. "We are certain to be sooner or later discovered. Would it not be wise for us to part now—for you to go somewhere else and then eventually return?"

"What?" I cried. "And be sent to Sonnenstein? My brother assures me every day that the asylum will be my ultimate fate. Never!"

As we anticipated, the Gräfin sent word to von Metzsch, and that same day the German Secret Police were on their way to Switzerland to arrest me. Meanwhile, I who listened attentively to my story, expressed his deepest sympathy, and declared that he would do his best to help me.

Secret Police of Berlin on My Track.

He did. The secret police of Berlin, who believe themselves to possess an autocratic right only equalled by that of their prayerful Kaiser, swiftly arrived in Switzerland, and called at the Prefecture of Police in Geneva armed with all sorts of signed and sealed documents which gave them permission to bundle me off to any destination they willed.

But my friend Monsieur Lachenal at once intervened, with the result that the Chief of Police of Geneva informed the four gentlemen from Berlin that according to Swiss law no one could be arrested unless they had committed one of the crimes enumerated by the International Convention for Extradition.

They protested in the name of the All-Highest of Germany, bluntly declaring that I was a wandering lunatic.

"Lunacy is not one of the crimes set down," Monsieur Lachenal pointed out.

The head of the police mission to effect my arrest grew angry, but after a long and undignified altercation the Emperor's mouchards were compelled to leave Switzerland, much annoyed and disgusted.

Now came the greatest blow of all. The Emperor commanded my husband, Frederick-August, to his presence, and ordered him to divorce me. At first my dear husband refused. But when in the Kaiser's study at Potsdam the All-Highest exhibited copies of supposed letters from myself to Monsieur Giron, and the statements of the lying von Fritsch and two or three maids in her employ, the Crown Prince, who had hitherto believed in my honesty, began to doubt me.

Any plot which the Emperor William engineers never fails. He produced such damning documentary evidence against me—all of it wickedly false and in many instances utterly farcical—that my poor husband returned home to Dresden in tears at my supposed unfaithfulness. Ah! he did not know how desolate and desperate I was.

A great sensation was caused in Saxony when, two days later, the Dresden Anzeiger printed the following without fear of official contradiction or prosecution:—

"Her Imperial Highness the Crown-Princess Louisa has parted from her husband, and has left Saxony. Her position at Court has, for several years, been a most unenviable one. Her interest in nursing is well known to the people of Dresden, but her democratic ideas have been sadly misunderstood.

"All in Saxony know how deeply Her Imperial Highness has suffered, and the deadly enmity which her efforts for the benefit of the people has aroused against her at Court. It is reported that she has eloped with Monsieur Giron, the tutor of her sons. But we have reason to believe that this rumour has been put about by her official enemies, certain persons who have been suborned by Berlin.

"Her Imperial Highness is at the moment in Switzerland, and all efforts to induce her to return have, up to the present, failed. Upon good authority, we hear that she intends to make her future home in England, where she has an old friend of her youth, a certain English novelist with a French name."

The publication of that statement caused the wildest excitement in Saxony. The anger of the people was everywhere apparent, and the authorities had their hands full in order to restore quiet. Some facts of my unhappiness and of the plot against me had leaked out to the public, and for the past year there had been many sinister whisperings. Now all that had been said had been proved.

The unrest in Dresden was, according to the authorities, a most serious matter. On every hand demonstrations were being made in my favour. Mathilde ventured out, and was jeered at by a hostile mob.

A great crowd of thousands of people marched to the Palace one evening and smashed many windows, after calling in vain for the King to appear to them.

"Bring us back our Louisa!" they yelled everywhere, while I, in all modesty, lived in Geneva, watched by detectives, and awaited events.

The Court of Saxony was hemmed in on all sides by a hostile populace. Revolution was in the air. The fate of the Saxon Royal Family was trembling in the balance—and the King knew it. He took train in secret to Potsdam, and held consultation with the Kaiser. From various sources I afterwards gathered details of the interview.

Perjured Evidence Against Me at the Divorce Court.

In Dresden my father-in-law the King, after an interview with the Kaiser, and at his instructions, I well knew, convened a most extraordinary Divorce Court of his own. Regardless of the illegalities, he appointed twelve judges, with himself as president. Evidence—the greater part of it perjured—was given, and hundreds of letters of an amorous character, all the work of a notorious forger, were produced. The Court was, of course, a perfect farce, and even the limited intelligence of the twelve judges failed to see how I could have written such heaps of letters in so brief a space. Bribery of the most open kind was, of course, resorted to.

Monsieur Giron did not remain long in Geneva. I had in my desperation, and in fear of being sent to a lunatic asylum by my enemies, compromised myself by calling him to my side, and now, as no further purpose could be served by remaining with me longer, he returned to Brussels, having sacrificed his future on my behalf.

Misfortunes crowded upon me. Financial worries I had never before experienced, but now came the serious question of ways and means. Monsieur Lachenal applied on my behalf to Dresden for my allowance, but it was curtly refused. Then one day I heard I was, I at once wired to my husband asking permission to see my boy.

For three anxious days I waited and at last the reply came. It was not from my husband, but from the Kaiser's cat's-paw, von Metzsch, and read:—

"You are forbidden to return to Saxony. If you attempt to do so you will be arrested at the frontier."

I sat down and sobbed bitterly. I knew, however, the reason I was forbidden. The King feared further hostile demonstrations if it were known that I was back on Saxon soil.

That telegram, however, further revealed the depth of the plot against me. I had telegraphed personally to Frederick-August, yet von Metzsch had replied. My husband had never seen my telegram, and was in entire ignorance of the reply sent to it.

My Husband's Letter Held Back.

This is proved by the fact that the Crown Prince on the following day wrote me what I afterwards learned to be an affectionate letter urging me to return to Dresden. He said that he was ready to forgive me, and that even in face of all that was happening he would stand by me as my husband, and compel the Court to drop the proceedings for divorce.

"Do return, dearest Louisa!" he urged. "I have overlooked the past, and it shall be forgotten by both of us. We can live in one of the castles in the country until my father is in a more amiable mood, and the Emperor has ceased to persecute you. I await you eagerly. Come back to me."

To Herr von Tümpling—a despicable Court flunkey and creature of von Metzsch—this letter was given, with orders to travel to Geneva and hand it to me personally.

Such base measures, however, were employed by my enemies to keep my husband and myself apart, and to destroy any hope of our arrival at an understanding, that my husband's contemptible messenger remained in Geneva for three days before I knew of his arrival. I wrote to him and asked for an interview, but he evaded me for several days. My lawyer, Monsieur Lachenal, called upon him, but he refused to see him, and next day he packed his valise and returned to Dresden with the letter. He lied to my husband, declaring that though he had sent me word of the letter and its contents I had refused to see him!

My brother Poldo had left Geneva with his red-haired charmer, and I was utterly alone, daily growing weaker and more nervous, until the constant conferences with my lawyer became irksome to me, and were it not for my constant thoughts of my home and my children I should have preferred death.

The cruel and curt telegram from von Metzsch threatening me with arrest had caused me many bitter tears. Had my husband no pity, no compassion, no remorse after all his reassurances that he loved me and disbelieved the lies circulated about me? His failure to reply proved that his heart had now hardened against me.

Alas! I did not know that von Tümpling had actually been in Geneva, the bearer of a letter of forgiveness! Ah! how cruel were my enemies—how brutal and unscrupulous is his August Majesty the King of Prussia and German Emperor towards a woman! May God forgive him for his heartless persecution of myself—and also for his devilish wickedness in creating war in Europe. The Old Woman of Hagen prophesied on the day of his marriage that His Majesty's life would end by the bullet of an assassin. Perhaps it will. Who knows?

Again, in desperation, I telegraphed to my husband for news of "Tia."

Again came in response a hard, cold reply from the hateful von Metzsch—whose fat wife, by the way, commenced life at fifteen as a demi-mondaine in the low-class night cafés in Berlin—as follows:—

"Your telegram has been received by His Highness the Crown Prince, who has nothing to say in reply, and who desires you not to further disturb him by pretended appeals."

It was at that juncture, a period of extreme nervous tension, that I received by hand a very curious document. The stress of the past few weeks had been terrible. I suffered from insomnia, and often at night I rose and spent hour after hour at the window, looking out across the moonlit lake, wondering—and wondering. My life in that dingy hotel was vastly different to my own home, with my retinue of maids and servants and all the luxurious creature-comforts attendant upon an Imperial Princess.

A Mysterious Encounter.

I was one afternoon passing along the Boulevard St Georges in Geneva when a respectable but rather poorly-clad woman halted and uttered my name.

"Yes," I said. "What do you want?" And I scrutinised the stranger with suspicion.

"This is for your Highness—from Dresden," she said. "It is from your friends." And slipping into my hand a letter, she hurried on and disappeared.

The swiftness with which she had delivered it caused me some astonishment, but I crushed it into my muff until I was alone in my room in the hotel.

Then I tore open the envelope, and read the following written in a rather uneducated hand:—

Lessing-strasse, 6, Dresden.

"Your Imperial Highness—Dear lady upon whom we Socialists and the populace call 'Our Louisa'—we are fully aware of the conspiracy in high quarters against you, and how completely their plans have been effected. We, at a secret meeting of the Socialist Brotherhood of Saxony held on February 2d, desire to convey our assurance of loyalty to yourself, whom we regard as a defenceless woman and mother persecuted by the All-Highest and his unbearable Junkerdom.

"Fully aware, as we are, of your deep sympathies with us even though you are an Imperial Archduchess—and of the many privileges and benefits which we, the people of Saxony, have received at your kind hands, hereby wish to send you assurance of our entire devotion and loyalty. It is stated that your dear son, His Royal Highness Frederick Christian, is ill, and that you desire to see him. You have been refused access to your children. We are most of us fathers of children, and the object of this letter is to say that if your Imperial Highness so desires it we will ourselves enter the Palace and convey your children to you in Switzerland.

"We mean this solemnly. The past has shown us that the King is no longer to be trusted, being the mere servant of the Emperor, who means war in Europe. We will therefore not stand by and see an innocent and persecuted mother deprived of all right of those she loves dearest on all the earth.

"The messenger who gave you this will call two days later to hear your verbal reply. Please receive her. She is discreet, and can be trusted. Accept, your Imperial Highness, the most fervent assurance that you are dear to the hearts of the men and women of Saxony—all of whom long for your return to us.

"F. MARKMANN."

That letter touched my heart deeply. Here were the people—"the d——d public," as the King of Saxony termed them—ready to create a revolt to secure my dear children and restore them to me! For, after all, I had treated the dear people as they deserved, treated them kindly and humanly, and this was my reward! That letter in itself showed the spirit of the people towards Kaiserdom and Junkerdom. I wept over it, and, then recovering, pondered deeply.

At my word I could create another and more serious revolt in Saxony! But would such circumstance injure my husband's future in the Emperor's eyes? That was my chief thought.

I showed the letter to nobody. I did not even mention it to my Swiss lawyer or to Doctor Zehme, my Saxon lawyer, who, arriving from Dresden, called upon me that same evening. I knew that if word were sent to Dresden the writer of that letter would at once be arrested and sent to prison for a long term.

Having made a private copy, I therefore destroyed the missive, and awaited the visit of the woman who had met me in the Boulevard St Georges.

She came two days later and sat with me alone in my room.

"So you have been kind enough to come from Dresden to see me?" I said.

"Yes, your Imperial Highness," replied the kind-faced woman of the people. "I have been sent upon a mission to ... your Highness' verbal reply.

"It is extremely good of ... offer their assistance," I ... mother I love my children ... greatest grief that I am ... by my enemies; but what ... suggest is, I fear, quite out of ... As much as I should love to ... dear ones again, I feel that I ... mit your friends to act as they offer ... for it would most certainly cause more ... ternal trouble in Saxony."

"We are ready to serve ... Highness in any way," said the ... homely woman.

"I am confident of that," was my ... "But will you please tell your friends ... at present I do not feel myself justified ... taking advantage of their kind offer ... had touched me very much to think that ... enemies of my Royal House should be ... pared to assist those of Royal blood ... myself and my children."

"Your Imperial Highness is not one ... the hated breed of the Royal House ... Saxony," said the woman. "We of ... people regard you as a good woman—a ... good mother. If not, we should not ... you 'Our Louisa'!" was her answer.

These words brought tears to my eyes. ... after the woman had left I sat for a ... time at the window staring down upon ... busy thoroughfare and thinking.

Monsieur Giron had gone out of my ... for ever, and I was entirely alone, with ... little money, homeless, and without a ... friend in whom I could place trust.

It was while in this mood, and feeling ... very ill and run down, that my brother ... Leopold returned for a day or two in order ... to keep me company. Then one morning, ... while I was having a consultation with ... Swiss lawyer, Monsieur Lachenal, he ...

"Really, Princess, you seem very ... All this strain must be telling upon your ... health. I have noticed for the past week ... so that you have seemed very nervous ... overwrought."

"Well," I replied, "I have gone through ... many trials of late, have I not?"

"Your Highness certainly has," he ...

"Personally, I think if I were you I would ... go for a week or so into a private nursing ... home where you could obtain perfect rest ... both in mind and in body. For the next week ... or so nothing can be done regarding ... your allowance, and you would be quite safe ... there than in this hotel."

I am Removed to an Asylum.

I told him that I would consider his suggestion. When I told Poldo later that he concurred entirely with my lawyer's suggestion.

Next day I told Monsieur Lachenal that I had decided to take his advice. He then suggested a nursing home called the Maiterie, near Noyon, a few miles from Geneva, and promised that he would make the necessary arrangements for me.

This he did, and two days later, a cold, wet, February afternoon, I left Geneva, accompanied by Poldo, my two lawyers, and Doctor Jentzer, head of the Maternity Hospital in Geneva. At Noyon a carriage was in waiting, and after a long wet drive we arrived at a large house near the town, standing in its own park, with several houses in the vicinity.

Here I was introduced to Doctor ..., the resident physician, who stood in the private room to receive me. He was a big-framed shaggy man, and after chatting affably for a little while he said it was necessary for me to sign a paper stating that I would give myself over to the care of his colleagues and himself. To my request seemed rather strange.

"No," I replied. "I shall not sign such a paper. But, if necessary, Monsieur Lachenal may prepare a document. I shall only stay in the nursing home if I feel better."

The doctor and lawyer consulted, and upon the former rang his bell and a nurse in uniform appeared to conduct me to the rooms prepared for me.

I bade farewell to Poldo, giving him some messages to take back to Salzburg, where he intended to return the next day, wishing au revoir to Doctor Zehme, my Saxon lawyer, and to Monsieur Lachenal. I followed the nurse.

We went along interminable stone corridors until at last I was shown into a bedroom, a small, bare, uninviting room, the window of which was so high that I could not see outside.

"Your Highness' luggage shall be brought along presently," said the nurse, turning on the heating apparatus.

As she did so a long and piercing shriek came from a room somewhere in the vicinity. I started aghast.

"What is that?" I asked quickly.

"Oh, that noise? Oh, that is nothing. He is our Count, a perfectly harmless fellow, but he has been here, poor fellow, for years."

I stood aghast. I had never entered ... My windows were heavily barred! ... place was not a nursing home ... very place I dreaded most ...

I was in a lunatic asylum ... there by order of the King.

THE PALACE AT DRESDEN FROM WHICH THE EX-CROWN PRINCESS ...

Next week Her Imperial Highness ex-Crown Princess will continue her astounding narrative.

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FREDERICH AUGUST OF SAXONY, THE EASY-GOING HUSBAND OF LOUISA OF SAXONY.

MOST COMICAL COMMITTEE."

STRAIGHT TALK AT KILSYTH MEETING.

HEADMASTER'S CRITICISMS.

Kilsyth, Saturday.

biggest public meeting seen in Kil- for many a day was the indignation g held in the Market Place, last night, otest against the action of the Town l in refusing to admit a deputation the Miners' Union, Trades' Council, ndent Labour Party, and Co-opera- ociety before the Council appointed al Food Control Committee.

John Ruthven, headmaster, who pre- pointed out that the Council had ted themselves to the committee; were practically all private traders, e consumers had been ignored. The erative Society, with almost 2000 mem- had been shut out from direct repre- on, while another representative was invited from the private traders.

ccurred to him that if he was think- f hurrying out of the world, instead, ing a desire to remain, this was the committee he would have appointed. hter.) If they thought of dying, they n the Food Control Committee an taker to take them in hand; a draper vide their shroud; a coffin mounting facturer to make them nice enough undertaker did not do so; and then r friends wanted to have a little jolli- n or something to drown their grief ad a licensed trader on the committee k after them. Really it was the most l committee for food distribution ever of in the length and breadth of the (Applause.)

olutions protesting against the high- d action of the Town Council, and ming to bring the matter before the ry of Food, and the members of Par- t, were unanimously passed.

ENDING BACK THE SUGAR.

NNY. OFFICIAL AND HE JELLYMAKERS.

Falkirk, Saturday.

Denny Inspector under the Food reports that he has nearly completed t visit to persons who have received under a domestic preserving Order, at on his instructions nearly 200 lbs. ar have been returned to the grocers ons who either had no gardens or preserving fruit which they did not themselves.

had also asked the grocers not to de- o applicants the stone-fruit sugar until rmed them as to the quantities the who had claimed were entitled to. ternative to not returning the sugar ecution.

IOUS VALE OF LEVEN ALLEGATION.

Alexandria, Saturday.

idurable annoyance was expressed at nthly meeting of the Bonhill Parish l, held at Alexandria, because the Council were not having a representa- the Food Control Committee.

cillor John Turnbull, Balloch, held e Council should have representatives Committee, and that they should he necessary representation at once representatives on that Committee.

. M. Glen held that the Food Con- ittee had been a perfect muddle. He people who had got sugar for pre- who had no right to get it, while who had good fruit going to waste not get the sugar. This was no story. It came to his knowledge day. If something was not done tons fruit would be wasted in the district. e discussion which followed it was out that all those who had received or preserves would have a visit from spectors who would have a look at rdens, and if they had not the fruit, would be so much the worse for ties who received the sugar.

s unanimously decided to petition the Controller to have representation on od Control Committee.

NARKSHIRE FARMERS AND MILK PRICES.

Hamilton, Saturday.

and pointed speaking was indulged a largely-attended meeting of the hire Farmers' Union, which was the Auction Mart at Hamilton.

Thomas M'Aulay, Turnlaw Farm, ended, maintained that the Govern- promise in regard to the price of d not been implemented, and the ad been obliged to pay winter prices mer milk.

general discussion that followed one stated that he was prepared to clear milk producer unless the price was d, as there was no hope for the without an advance.

olution was finally carried that, to the increasing difficulty in the ion of milk, the following prices e fixed by the farmers in the Hamil- ict of Lanarkshire:—1s 9d per gal- month of September, and 2s 3d from to end of April.

OIST ACCIDENT AT LEITH.

Leith, Saturday.

fternoon William Sangster (15), a oy with Messrs Forrest & Turn- ble provision merchants, Consti- Leith, fell down the well of a height of thirteen feet. He up in an unconscious condition, to Leith Hospital. The boy's Grange Road, Edinburgh.

PERTH DYERS' DISPUTE.

WORKERS PRESENT STRIKE NOTICES.

WILL THE WORKS CLOSE DOWN?

Perth, Saturday.

Efforts to arrive at a settlement in connection with the Perth dyers' and cleaners' wages have entirely failed, and to-day 681 workers employed by Messrs J. Pullar & Sons and 211 in the employment of Messrs P. & P. Campbell handed in their strike notices.

These numbers do not represent the total membership of the Dyers' Union, but it is understood that the members are united in their demands and that the overwhelming majority of the workers will cease labour a week hence.

Messrs P. & P. Campbell have intimated that in the event of a strike they will close their works, and it is currently rumoured in the city to-day that Messrs Pullar will do likewise.

As dyeing is the staple industry of the city, the position is creating considerable excitement in business circles.

There is also more than ordinary agitation in the Hillyland and Tulloch districts of Perth where large numbers of the families engaged at the Messrs Pullars' Tulloch works reside in the firm's houses on weekly rents. There is much speculation as to what will happen to the families in the event of the works being closed down.

The workers' demand is for an increase of 10s on pre-war rates.

OBJECTORS TO SUNDAY DRILL AT DUNOON

RECOGNISE THE ERROR OF THEIR WAYS.

Dunoon, Saturday Night.

The last Volunteer Battalion in Britain not to go in for Sunday drilling has at last capitulated, and, to use an old expression, the "fat is in the fire."

This momentous decision on the part of a stolid Highland people has not been come to without an anxious questioning of the inner souls of all those connected with the movement.

The question some time ago was put to the company in Dunoon, but the vote was such the officer in command did not venture to make it an order.

Last night to a "Post Sunday Special" representative Lieutenant Disseldoff said the attendance during July and August had been so bad that they expected a severe reprimand from the Scottish Command, and they had decided on Sunday drill from 3 to 5, and that it would start to-day.

The non-coms. had a meeting on the subject, and it seemed as if Sunday drill would fail, but the Headquarters Staff insisted on it.

£500 REALISED AT PITLOCHRY FREE GIFT SALE.

Pony Fetches £67.

Pitlochry, Saturday Night.

This afternoon a Free Gift Sale, organised by the Atholl and Weem Agricultural Club, was held at Pitlochry in aid of the Perthshire branch of the Red Cross, the Perth City and County Infirmary, and other war objects.

The sale was opened by the Duchess of Atholl, who said she was delighted to think that these efforts were not being limited to any one sphere, but were conceived in a very broad and generous spirit.

A lovely bouquet of flowers and two baskets of fine grapes were presented by the Misses Sandeman to Her Grace, who generously handed them back for auction, thus initiating a sale at £4 10s. A pony was afterwards sold for £67 6s. The total sum realised, with contributions, was about £500. Mr Robert Robertson successfully carried through the sale.

CAMBUSLANG FATHER LOSES TWO SONS.

Cambuslang, Saturday.

Widespread sympathy is being expressed here with Mr Peter Johnstone, a well-known Cambuslang miner, who lost a son in the war some time ago, and who has now received official intimation of the death in France of another member of his gallant family.

An officer writes:—"Your son went 'over the top' on the first day and in the very first line of the big push at Ypres, and had passed our first objective before being killed by machine gun bullets." He was 21 years of age and formerly a miner in Gilbertfield Colliery.

Another double bereavement of a most pathetic nature is that sustained by Mrs M'Murray, who has lost both husband and eldest son in the war.

PORTER DIES ON ROTHESAY PIER.

Rothesay, Saturday.

While catching the ropes from the steamer Columba a porter, named Duncan M'Lachlan, had a sudden seizure, and expired in a few minutes.

He had been employed as a porter with David M'Brayne, Ltd., for many years. To thousands of passengers by the Columba and other M'Brayne steamers his figure must have been familiar, as he invariably attended the ropes when any of these steamers berthed at Rothesay Pier.

SEQUEL TO AN OPERATION.

GLASGOW DOCTOR'S DISPUTED BILL.

SHERIFF-PRINCIPAL M'CLURE'S DECISION.

Dunoon, Saturday.

To-day, Sheriff-Principal A. L. M'Clure, K.C., gave his decision in the Glasgow doctor's case, which has caused widespread interest.

Dr Nigel Stark, M.D., 4 Newton Place, Glasgow, originally sued Robert W. Robins, Thistle Cottage, Toward, for the sum of £35 for an operation performed upon his wife for the removal of a tumour, but she died, and the defender refused to pay the bill on the ground that the wife went to a nursing home in Glasgow for the removal of piles, and not for a major operation such as the removal of a tumour, which he expressly forbade.

At the hearing it was argued for the defence that a doctor must have the consent of a husband before he could perform such an operation. The account was reduced to £19 19s, and for this sum Sheriff Penney gave decree.

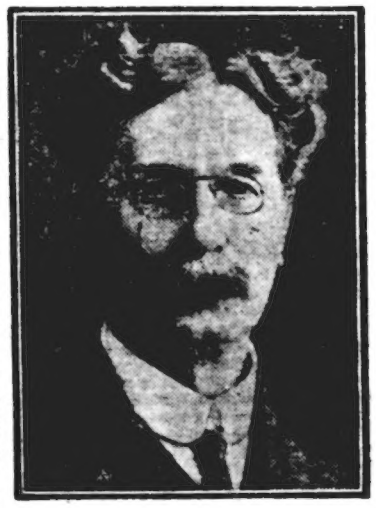
The case was appealed to the Sheriff-Principal, and here it was argued that a wife was the property of a husband, who could say what should be done, but the Sheriff-Principal held that a woman could not come under the Property Act—that "she may be possessed, but she was not a possessional."

To-day, the Sheriff-Principal issued his interlocutor, in which he dismissed the appeal, and finds the appellant liable to the respondent in the expenses of the appeal.

In his note, the Sheriff-Principal says that this case in his opinion has not much substance in it, and might well have terminated with the judgment of the Sheriff-Substitute, whose grounds of judgment he was quite content to adopt. He wished only to add two observations. In the first place, with regard to Mrs Robins' understanding of the operation, she was to undergo, he thought the concluding sentence of the pursuer's letter addressed to her on 1st February, 1915, had pointed significance when his final opinion at the consultation on 10th January, 1915, is recalled. If he regarded the fibroid tumour as the fons et origo of the subsidiary ailment—as he had stated explicitly at consultation—he would not have been doing his best to put the lady "all right" (as the letter promises) by merely performing a minor local operation, and leaving the tumour alone. The fair implication of the letter was he thought that the major operation was contemplated by both parties.

In the second place if the defender was content after what occurred at the consultation he attended on 10th January to leave the arrangements for the operation in his wife's hands (as he did) and if there is no reason to suppose that anything was done against her consent or wish (as there was not) the defender had no valid ground of objection to the pursuer's account for the expenses of the operation, either in law or in good sense.

GLASGOW MINISTER FOR WISHAW.



Rev. John Dick, Paisley Road Baptist Church, Glasgow, who has accepted a unanimous call to Wishaw Baptist Church, has held pastorates at Dundee and Hawick. In his seven years' ministry in Glasgow, his church membership has increased by fifty per cent. Two of Mr Dick's sons are serving in the army.

TROSSACHS MILITARY MEDALLIST KILLED.

Trossachs, Saturday.

Mr Thomas C. Wallace, Glenbruach Lodge, Trossachs, has received intimation that his son, Company Sergeant-Major James Wallace, Black Watch, was killed in action on 31st July.

Deceased, who was only twenty-two years of age, was born at Trossachs. He joined the colours on 10th August, 1914, and went to France in May, 1915. Before enlisting he was employed as a gamekeeper at Brenachoile Lodge, Loch Katrine. He had the honour of being thrice recommended for the D.C.M., and was awarded the Military Medal.

MINER SUCCUMBS TO INJURIES.

Uddingston, Saturday.

A miner named John Jenkins (63), residing at Bothwell Park Rows, Uddingston, has succumbed to injuries received through being severely crushed by a heavy fall while at work in Messrs Baird's Bothwell Park pits.

YESTERDAY AT THE COAST.

Sunshine was recorded at various resorts yesterday as follows:—

Leven—2.30; heavy thunder showers.
Dunoon—4; heavy showers at intervals.
Portobello—Sunshine at intervals, with thunder and hail showers.
Arbroath—Cloudy, with rain in morning and evening.
Pitlochry—5; warm and bright.
Aberdeen—0.30; heavy showers.
Rothesay—6; dull, with showers in forenoon.
Oban—4.7; showery to fair.
Nairn—2.7; fair to showery.
Banff—0.9; showery.
Montrose—2.2; dull.
Carnoustie—2.9; rainy to cloudy.

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During yesterday there were some heavy showers at Dunoon, but, taken generally, the weather was good.

A young child was injured by splinters of glass in a bad motor smash at the Castle Rocks yesterday.

A garden fete at Rosmhor, Ardnadam, the residence of Mr and Mrs D. Graham, attracted a large attendance. The town is still well crowded with Paisley and other visitors.

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Largs is still well filled with visitors, and yesterday was as busy as any Saturday this season. Paisley people are mostly in evidence at present, although it may not be correct to say that they comprise the majority of Largs visitors. Yesterday there were showers, but there was more sunshine than in the immediately preceding days.

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At Troon the weather at the week-end was, on the whole, good, with only an occasional shower, and yesterday there was again a large influx of visitors. House-letting for September is also reported as up to last year's average.

• • •

Paisley visitors wound up their Fair holidays in Girvan by holding aquatic sports at the harbour yesterday afternoon. A varied programme was carried through, and the proceeds will go to help the local Life Boat funds. There was a large turnout in the afternoon at the fete at Maybole, opened by the Marchioness of Ailsa.

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On the moors in the Aberfeldy district sportsmen are obtaining very fair bags, but there is not the same enthusiasm in grouse shooting this season, as compared with pre-war times.

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In Pitlochry, house-letting for August has been more irregular than usual, the month being practically divided into two portions of a fortnight. Shooting on the moors has been carried on under unfavourable conditions, and bags rule low.

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At Leven a severe thunderstorm, accompanied by a downpour of rain, raged for several hours yesterday forenoon. Later in the day the storm abated, and the sun shone brilliantly. A number of Glasgow visitors left the town by afternoon train, curtailing their holiday owing to the breakdown in the weather.

SHELL KILLS NINE MEN AND WOUNDS EIGHT.

Dalkeith, Saturday.

Mrs J. K. Stevenson, 41 Muirpark, Dalkeith, has received intimation that her nephew, Private Robert Stevenson, Seaforth Highlanders, has been killed in action. He enlisted at the beginning of the war at seventeen years of age.

An officer writes that his company was being relieved from holding a line, and while in the communication trench a shell burst, killing nine men and wounding eight. His body was not found.

He was formerly employed at Ashbank Carpet Works, Dalkeith.

WOUNDED TOMMIES ON LOCH LOMOND.

Alexandria, Saturday.

Through the kindness of the Educational Committee of the Vale of Leven Co-Operative Society, Ltd., a party of about a hundred wounded soldiers from Erskine House were entertained to a sail on Loch Lomond this afternoon. The soldiers journeyed by tramcar to Balloch, and the sail up the loch was made in three motor boats. Lunch was provided on board, and the places of interest were pointed out to the wounded heroes by members of the Educational Committee. In the evening the soldiers were entertained to tea in the Co-Operative Hall, Alexandria.

DUMBARTON SOLDIER KILLED.

Dumbarton, Saturday.

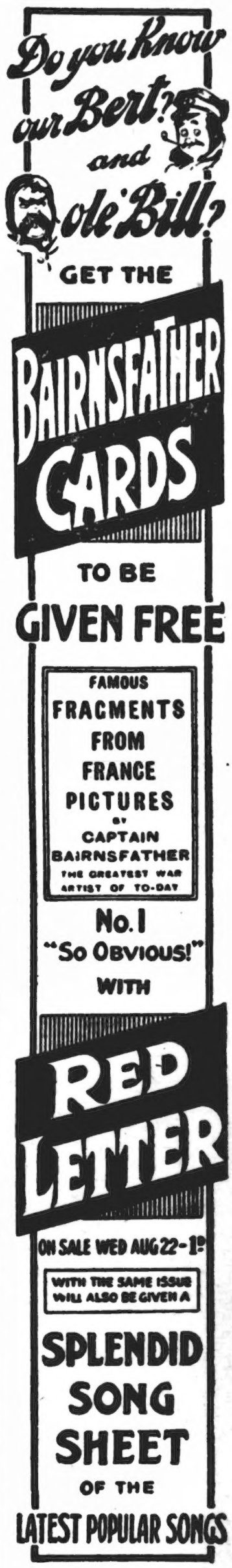
Mr John S. Lennie, 26 Clyde Street, Dumbarton, has received intimation that his son, Gunner David Lennie, Royal Garrison Artillery, was killed in action on 7th August in France.

Deceased, who was a native of Dumbarton, was twenty-two years of age, and joined the colours on 24th November, 1914, going to France on 25th July last.

Prior to enlisting he was employed as an apprentice carpenter in Denny's Yard, Dumbarton.

MISSING DUNDEE SOLDIER.

Pte. Archibald J. Sturrock, son of Mr Arthur F. Sturrock, of Wellgate, Dundee, and "Croc-na-daie," Barnhill, is reported missing on the Western Front. He was last seen on July 11 at his observation post on the ground, from which our men had to retire on the date. Pte. Sturrock, prior to enlistment, was a pupil of the N.B. Wireless School, and joined the R.E. in June, 1916. He had been eight months at the front.



GARTMORE A.S.C. DRIVER KILLED.

Gartmore, Saturday.

Official intimation has been received at Gartmore that Driver Andrew Gerald Irving, Army Service Corps youngest son of the late Rev. Andrew Irving, died in France on 5th August.

Deceased, who was born at Gartmore Manse, was 35 years of age and joined the colours on 5th August, 1914. Prior to enlisting he was employed in the London and Lancashire Life Insurance Company's office, Glasgow, for seventeen years.

LATEST FROM LONDON.

YET ANOTHER GERMAN PEACE OFFER!

THE MISCHIEF-MAKING PACIFISTS.

(By "Post" Special Wire.)

London, Saturday Night.

THERE are persistent rumours that Germany will shortly come forward with new peace proposals.

Whether the intervention of the Vatican will be seized upon as a pretext is uncertain, but the belief seems to be that the overtures from Berlin will be a good deal more definite in character than has been the case hitherto.

If that is so it will be an evidence of the growing desperation of Germany's position. But the proposals may be definite and still be unacceptable.

The more closely people examine the changes brought about by the appointment of Herr Michaelis to the post of Chancellor the more apparent does it become that the supreme power in Germany has now passed wholly into the hands of the soldiers. Nevertheless the growing possibility of Austria negotiating for a separate peace may force the hands even of the Junkers. That this would mean the beginning of the end for Germany goes without saying.

Bavaria, where Bethmann Hollweg, by the way, has gone on a sketching expedition, is almost as dissatisfied with the existing war position as Austria herself, and if Vienna should break away a stupendous change would be effected in the whole situation.

The Political Situation.

It is not expected that there will be any serious differences between the two Houses over the amendments the Lords have inserted in the Corn Production Bill, and the hope is confidently expressed that the Lords and Commons will adjourn for the Parliamentary recess on Tuesday.

All arrangements have been made on the assumption that nothing will happen between now and October 16, when legislators will reassemble, and the fears which were entertained that the Labour party might force a general election by calling on Mr Barnes and his Labour colleagues in the Ministry to resign their posts are slowly but surely fading away.

It is now stated with assurance that Mr Arthur Henderson is using his personal influence to prevent any such Ministerial crisis. When the arguments for and against an appeal to the country are carefully weighed, most people are agreed that a dissolution at the present moment would be seriously opposed to the national interest.

Premier and the Labour Conference.

Mr Lloyd George was urged by a section of the Labour leaders to attend the Labour Conference on Tuesday for the purpose of meeting the criticisms levelled at him over the Stockholm-Henderson controversy.

The Premier was willing to accept an invitation if given unanimously, but it now transpires that there is no hope of such invitation being given. The probabilities are that the Conference will pass a vote of confidence in Mr Henderson, reiterating its demand for passports to Stockholm, and present a formal request to the Cabinet.

In the event of a refusal the matter will be allowed to rest where it is until the annual conference of the Labour Party next January. The pacifist group would like to make trouble for the Lloyd George administration, but they now realise that they are not strong enough to do so, and will be outvoted on Tuesday.

Weakness of Sinn Fein Party.

A political friend who has just returned from Ireland tells me that the Sinn Fein movement is regarded much less seriously over there than it is here.

Both in Dublin and in Belfast he found a very prevalent feeling that the recent bye-elections do not accurately represent the strength of the Republican movement. People vote for the Sinn Feiners, not because they approve of the policy they advocate, but to mark their dissatisfaction with the Irish Parliamentary Party at Westminster.

But even if the Sinn Fein movement were as strong as it appears to be, it is argued that its popularity will be short lived. A party which refuses to send its representatives to Westminster is not likely to get many concessions out of the Imperial Government, and even if, as is probable, the Sinn Feiners reconsider their attitude in this particular, there is one fatal aspect of their programme which is already being borne in upon the mind of the Irish peasants.

If the Sinn Feiners had their way, and Ireland were accorded complete separation, with or without a Republican form of Government, her financial position is not sufficiently strong to permit of a continuance of old age pensions Ireland is certainly not prepared to drop these. Any proposal of that kind would cause the Sinn Fein movement to disappear even more rapidly than it came into existence.

A Significant Appointment.

The inclusion of Mr G. J. Wardle in the Ministry as Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade is significant. It shows that the Government is alive to the advantage of having a Railwayman's leader at the Board of Trade in view of the possibility of a strike of locomotive workers. Both the companies and the men are now represented at the Board.

It is known that the Government is preparing schemes for State ownership or control of the railways after the war, and it will be an advantage to them to have the assistance of Mr Wardle, who has made a special study of the case for nationalisation from the men's point of view.

"FREEDOM OF THE SEAS" AGAIN!

WHAT CANNOT BE FORGIVEN GERMANY—THE U-BOAT ROUT.

BY MAURICE PRENDERGAST.

London, Saturday Night.

TO British minds, the most objectionable points in the Papal Peace Note are the references to "the freedom of the seas," the mutual condonation of all damage and atrocities. In regard to the first point, the exact phrase used is "the true liberty and community of the seas," the natural inference being that the liberty that has hitherto existed has not been true, but false.

Upon what grounds is this assertion made? And in what way has British naval dominion ever prevented any nation from freely using the seas in times of peace? The Vatican—which is surely the last source one would look to for naval rulings—appears to have no conception whatever of the necessity of naval supremacy to an Empire like ours, scattered over all quarters of the world, and only united by the sea. "Live and let live" has been our ruling maxim, and so faithfully have we adhered to it, we allowed Germany to build up a fighting and mercantile fleet second only to our own and a menace to our national safety.

"Freedom of the seas" means that there shall be a "next time" for Germany, in spite of the Pope's well-meaning plans for arbitration, diminution of armaments, and other expedients to establish the supremacy of right. As for the mutual condonation of damages, this is very much up against our "ton for-ton" battle-cry. The Vatican has no naval intelligence department, but if it was equipped with such an office it might understand how lopsided and impossible the suggestion is that the Allies should forgive Germany all the material and wanton damage created on Allied territory and to Allied shipping.

As for excusing and palliating German conduct on the seas, one can only ask if any act on our part can ever approach in infamy and horror the atrocity of the Belgian Prince, the Falaba, or the Lusitania incidents, and the thousand other such crimes committed by our enemies? After carrying on war for three years in as civilised and as merciful a manner as possible, refraining from replying to the enemy's barbarity by like barbarity, it is rather astounding to be informed that our conduct and that of the Germans is a case of "six of one and half a dozen of the other."

The sentiments of the Papal Note are of lofty inspiration and benevolent intention, but one fears that the motives are too sublime for a practical application to an enraged and warring continent. To render war impossible is a great ideal, but its attainment demands that the one war-making nation, which has lived openly and without shame by the sword, shall be deprived of power. And that nation is Germany, and until Germany is defeated, disarmed, and punished, no peace, based even on the Papal proposals, would be worth a moment's purchase.

For, after all, was there not a "scrap of paper"?

The U-Boat Failure.

The Premier's very reassuring statement regarding the U-boat campaign comes at the psychological moment. It was in this particular month of grace that Britain was to be starved out and forced to sue for peace on Germany's terms! Such was the alluring prospect held out to the German people last February, when the intensified U-boat warfare reached its climax. But the fateful moons have passed, and Britain waxes stronger and more resourceful, while her armies are steadily driving from the devastated plains and shores of Flanders the hordes of Hindenburg. Very soon the Kaiser's charlatans will have again to resort to their delusion-working rods to divert the attention of a sadly disappointed and half-starving people from the amazing sight of a still corpulent and well nourished John Bull!

Germany has lied with customary thoroughness on the question of our shipping losses. They fully expected to sink a million tons a month, but professed to be satisfied with the 600,000 which they claimed. However, the Premier has demonstrated that our net losses since the commencement of the unrestricted submarine warfare were actually under 250,000 per month. This is cheerful news, indeed; and it is equally gratifying to know that our shipping is in capable hands, and steadily increasing, while our national larder appears to be stocked to overflowing.

Of the Admiralty's methods in countering the U boats, Mr Lloyd George rightly revealed nothing, but there will be a pretty story to tell some day. Meantime, it is significant to say that the navy has once more brought to nought the stratagems of the enemy, and once more saved the day for the Allied cause. I think we may safely conclude that the enemy has done his worst, and although by concentration of his U-boat fleet he may sink many more than sixteen ships weekly, he can never hope to bring Britain to her knees by starvation. And if Sir Douglas Haig reaches all his objectives within the next twelve weeks the awakening of the German people will be of the rudest.

The two latest additions acquired for my collection of naval annuals form rather an interesting comparison. They are the 1917 editions of the Austro-Hungarian "Marine Almanack" and the French "Flottes de Combat." Consequently, one is able to take a survey of the naval war, from these publications, both from the standpoint of the Allies and from that of the Central Empires.

As for the Austrian production, it merits are few and demerits many; its features can, therefore, be dismissed in a very few words. Information of accuracy and novelty is conspicuous by its absence; in fact, the only new item of any value shows that the older German destroyers have been renumbered. Without entering into any involved explanations, it may be pointed out that this small piece of intelligence shows that Germany has built about 100 to 150 new destroyers since the outbreak of war.

Where the Censor is More Lax.

"Flottes de Combat," or "Fighting Fleets," is an old-established French naval annual, founded and edited by a well-known French naval officer, the Marquis de Balincourt. This year's edition is quite a notable production, and raises a subject which I have often intended to discuss in these columns—namely, the lack of co-ordination between the Allied Censorships. In this country and in Italy, suppression of naval news is carried out in rather a ruthless manner, but in other of the Allied countries censorship is more lax.

This is no uncommon example of what takes place. A certain event takes place in an Allied country, which we will call A, and publication of the news is strictly prohibited. Tidings are carried, however, to the Allied countries B and C, where the fact is frankly discussed in the press. Little neutrals have long ears, and information is quickly conveyed to Germany and Austria. The enemy's comment on the event are cabled back from Amsterdam to A, in whose press the censorship may pass extracts from the Berlin and Vienna papers for publication. By that time the original truth has been improved by embellishment in countries B and C, further adorned by neutral comment, and finally distorted, twisted, garbled, and mangled by the enemy press. In the latter end, the public in A country, the scene of the event, do get the news, but it is a perfect travesty of the truth.

American papers are allowed a great amount of latitude in dealing with naval events. For instance, the July issue of Sea Power (the official journal of the U.S. Navy League and the first naval periodical in existence) contains a remarkable article, entitled, "Some Definite Lessons of the Naval War." Our mistakes (since rectified) are pointed out in a just and unsparing manner. As for the contents of this essay, one cannot even give a guarded summary. But it does embody an explanation of the causes which led to the destruction of our battle cruisers Queen Mary, Indefatigable, and Invincible in the battle of Jutland. The loss of these three ships would have remained a mystery had not the Lion, the Flagship of Sir David Beatty, barely escaped the fate of her consorts by the narrowest margin of luck. However, as Kipling said concerning the Boer War—

> All the same, let us admit,
> As a business people should,
> We've had no end of a lesson—
> It will do us no end of good.

As an example of the peculiar discrepancies which exist between the Allied Censorships, perhaps I may give the following instance, which is but one out of many. When preparing the 1916 edition of the British Naval Annual, "Jane's Fighting Ships," I asked permission to include in the British Navy section certain details of new British warships, as given in the 1916 edition of the German Naval Annual, Weyer's Taschenbuch. All such extracts were to be accompanied by the remark that they were copied from an enemy naval annual, their accuracy could not, in any way, be guaranteed.

Permission to take this course was withheld, and I am bound to admit that reasons privately given for the refusal were quite justified. Nevertheless, this policy has been adopted with the approval of the French Censorship in the 1917 edition of Flottes de Combat, particulars being given of British warships from the German book named, accompanied by a note as to the unreliability of the source of information.

Warships Destroyed.

"Flottes de Combat" gives an interesting table, showing the total number of warships destroyed between August, 1914, and February, 1917. Column A represent units of the Dreadnought, battle cruiser, battleship, armoured, protected, and light cruiser types. Column B shows ships of the destroyer, torpedo boat, submarine, and gunboat classes sunk. The total tonnage is for A and B combined, but no account is taken of armed mercantile vessels, auxiliaries, &c., that have "gone West."

CENTRAL EMPIRES.

	A.	B.	Tl. Ton.
Germany	39	77	416,100
Austria	3	23	21,000
Turkey	3	18	29,100
	45	118	466,200

THE ALLIES.

Great Britain	32	44	435,100
France	5	22	63,400
Italy	5	10	70,700
Japan	3	2	23,000
Russia	7	4	23,600
	52	82	615,800

In round figures, all belligerents have lost at least 300 warships, totalling over a million tons. This estimate is only approximate, and, in reality, 350 ships of all classes would be a more accurate figure at present. It will be noticed that, according to the "Flottes de Combat" computation, the Allies have lost fewer ships than their enemies (134 against 163), but the tonnage totals are not in our favour. As numbers are in our favour in the proportion of 4 to 1, losses hit our enemies far more severely than ourselves. The Allies have 100 Dreadnoughts, and the enemy has 30, the rates being about 3 to 1. If both sides lose 20 ships, the Allies would have 80 Dreadnoughts to the enemy's 10, and the odds would go up to 8 to 1 to our advantage.

THE CASE FOR PREMIUM BONDS.

STRONG INDUCEMENT TO THRIFT.

(By E. C. BULEY.)

INTEREST is once more revived on the subject of Premium Bonds by reason of the announcement in the House of Commons by Mr Bonar Law that a Select Committee is to be appointed to inquire into the question. The matter has been in abeyance for some time, but it will be recalled that in the framing of this scheme the Premium Bonds Committee have had the assistance of members of the London Chamber of Commerce and prominent financiers of the City of London.

The Premium Bond system of borrowing, which has long been in vogue on the Continent, and especially among the Latin races, may be considered, from the lender's point of view, as a fifth alternative to the four recognised methods of disposing of his spare cash now open to the Briton. At present it is possible to invest, to speculate, to save, or to gamble.

Impoverishing wars have caused countries like France to rely upon the people to aid the State from their surplus earnings, and the necessity of finding for the poor man some inducement beyond the few shillings paid as interest on his savings produced the Premium Bond system.

There was recently an issue of Premium Bonds in France. The French Government asked for £24,000,000, and offered 2,000,000 Bonds, each of which cost £12, and returned thirteen shillings interest in the year. The added premium consisted of a lottery—one may just as well call things by their true names—every three months. A prize of £20,000 and other smaller sums totalling £90,000 will be raffled every three months.

In other words, every bondholder has one chance in 2,000,000 of becoming a capitalist worth £1000 a year, and these chances recur periodically, and often enough to give the quiet man that little thrilling interest in life which lies behind the sporting chance.

Extremists' Objection to Premium Bonds.

When Premium Bonds were first proposed in Great Britain the reasoned objections to them were marshalled, and the idea was dropped. The extremists declared the system a sheer gamble, overlooking the fact that the gambler stands to lose the money he stakes, and usually does lose it. The case for Premium Bonds was indeed put with a good deal of lack of understanding of the men who work for their living; and of the working women, too. There was a great deal of talk of the extravagance of the workers. Expensive food and drink, gramaphones, joy rides, and other hideous sins were imputed against them. They backed horses, it appeared, and played cards for high stakes. And it was insinuated that this was the only way such unpatriotic beings could be induced to lend ther money to the State.

The history of the last Great War Loan proved those arguments to be as libellous as most of the ill-considered generalisations about the working classes. There were five million lenders to the State, when the necessity of a huge loan was properly demonstrated, and it is safe to say that ninety per cent. of them were offered no real inducement except the call of the country's need. It was sheer self-denial which caused them to subscribe the modest sums which swelled to such an imposing total, and converted a financial operation into a moral weapon, bringing ultimate victory perceptibly nearer.

In the meantime high wages continue, and the folk who earn them are disposing of a large proportion of their surplus earnings after their own fashion. There is a good deal of sensible saving in War Loan certificates, but not as much as there might be if a little romance were instilled into the purchase of these documents.

Glamour of Sudden Wealth

The outlook of the worker in flush times has never been better interpreted than by Mr H. G. Wells, in a letter to the press. He points out that the decent man neither invests, nor speculates, nor gambles; he saves. It is a painful process, involving many small sacrifices, so that when a certain sum has been hoarded against recognised eventualities, he feels that all has been done that prudence requires. To go further would be mere miserliness, with no object except the sheer pleasure of hoarding. The savings of ten years would not amount to a bulk sum large enough to make an appreciable investment.

It is the people who have saved by this painful process to whom the literature of sudden wealth makes the most hearty appeal. Ask any newspaper man, and he will tell you that no sweeter bit of news could come his way than the story of a poor man who inherits thousands from an unknown relative. How often does one hear the joking aspiration—"I wish some rich relative would die and leave me £10,000."

The people who utter such wishes have not one chance in a hundred million of their being realised; but the man who buys a £10 Premium Bond has at least a chance in a million or so, and the chance recurs periodically. There you have a consideration which satisfies and soothes the "get-rich-quick" craving that exists deep down in the heart of us all, good and bad alike.

Money Is Not Lost.

The prizes are provided, of course, by cutting the rate of interest. It is nothing to the man with £20 to invest that he only gets fifteen shillings instead of twenty at the end of the year. He has the recurring chance of winning a prize.

The money put in Premium Bonds is not lost, it is saved. No doubt the scheme now under consideration will provide for the gradual purchase of bonds by easy instalments. One successful system on the Continent provides for a payment immediately before each draw, and defaulters are not allowed to participate in the next prize sharing. There is human nature behind such a system, and a good deal of the wisdom of the serpent.

The Premium Bond, then, is an inducement to thrift which spreads a wider net than has ever been cast in these islands before.

LATEST COMMENTS FROM THE WORLD'S PRESS.

A Note from China.

A battle-cry for the Chinese—"[illegible] to our enemies."—Daily Express.

Big Things on Foot.

Father Hopkins says, "There [illegible] things on foot in the labour world [illegible] for example.—The Star.

Cheer for Kerensky.

In his gigantic efforts, Kerensky may [illegible] cheered by recalling how long Ver[illegible] to struggle up the hill.—Montreal Star.

Russia and an Early Peace.

Russia does not want to go [illegible] holm for the fun of it. She wants to [illegible] because she wants an early peace.—The Nation.

Our Queen's Wisdom.

The Queen of Britain proved by her visit to the front that she does not choose to be in the parlour eating bread and [illegible].—Philadelphia Ledger.

What Wilhelm Doesn't Hanker After.

One reason the Kaiser doesn't hanker for peace drafted upon the status quo is [illegible] it would mean for him the [illegible].—New York Telegraph.

May be Too Late Then.

One reason why it would have been a [illegible] act for the Kaiser to abdicate in favour of the Crown Prince is that it'll probably be too late a year hence.—Washington Post.

In Spite of All.

Those who best know the British working man have least doubt of his rising to responsibilities in spite of all pacifist and revolutionary machinations.—Morning Post.

Nobbling.

Socialists can be nobbled with the greatest ease in the world, especially by foreigners. For some obscure reason your Socialist will always believe a foreigner before his own countrymen.—Saturday Review.

Bringing the Enemy to His Knees.

Starvation may be no more likely to [illegible] the war than sea-power, but the prospect of another banyan winter may go far to bring the enemy to a reasonable appreciation of his true position.—Outlook.

Fear.

It was not repentance which moved the enemy to seek peace through the mediation of the Pope, but fear, a fear which will deepen as the days pass and the war enters upon a fourth winter.—Dundee Courier.

Expensive.

A lot of the complaint in this world about the expense of living comes from people purchasing things that they cannot afford. It is awful expensive to keep up with a man with a long purse.—Los Angeles Times.

For the Jackasses.

Kansas is ready to harvest the biggest crop of oats in the history of the State. If all the jackasses of the country were required to subsist on oats, the wheat shortage would be felt much less acutely.—Kansas City Journal.

Rough on Churchill.

Mr Winston Churchill's article on the best way of employing the Allied Fleets has served to remind the nation of the danger of the amateur strategist, whether he be a Minister or merely a modest M.P. Naval and Military Record.

Mr Henderson's Position.

The case against Mr Henderson is that he proved himself unworthy to be one of our sublime Cabinet Ministers, but that he proved himself only too worthy to be one. It is not that he fell short of the general simplicity of his colleagues, but that he finessed and leant on legal fictions [illegible] as they do.—New Witness.

A Fine Peace!

The real policy of the Soviet is clear to anyone who cares to study its words and acts. Having achieved the most astounding revolution in history, the Russian Socialist supporters cordially and ingenuously invite France and Great Britain to do likewise. In this being, they declare, the best means of attaining peace. If events in Russia are a guide to what would happen, peace would most certainly result, and a fine peace it would be.—Truth.

The Kaiser—A Silly Ass.

The rulers of this world are [illegible] to represent each other as remarkable persons whose great positions are the result of their great faculties. Even in war the habit is not entirely shed, and [illegible] do not tell us their real opinions of the statesmen leaders of Germany. No Roman has said bluntly that the Kaiser is a silly ass who, in spite of all his rant and [illegible] ments, would never in his life [illegible] even C3 unless he had chance [illegible] fore the Mill Hill Board.

GERMANY'S TAME CAT SOCIALISTS.

XPOSURE OF THE KAISER'S AGENTS HO PREPARED THE STOCKHOLM TRAP

H. M. HYNDMAN, the Veteran Socialist Leader.

Mr Henry Mayers Hyndman is the erable chairman of the Socialist rty. He was the founder of the ial Democratic Federation, and for ny years has been a leading active tator for social remedies. Mr ndman warned Britain against the rman menace for nine years prior the outbreak of war. He has had a mantic career, having travelled in ny parts of the world. In the rties he played cricket for the ex County eleven.

GOOD many years ago, when I was a member of the International Socialist au as delegate for Great Britain, Wil- Liebknecht (the father of Karl Liebk- t, August Bebel, Paul Singer, and lf lunched together in Brussels.

as at that time vainly endeavouring to irce my countrymen that Germany was ily preparing for a war of conquest, ever the Kaiser and his statesmen might o the contrary, and whether the thorny ion of Morocco was satisfactorily settled t. The three famous German Social ocrat leaders were all bitterly opposed ch a war, on any ground, and particu- to a war against France. They were ughly patriotic Germans; but they staunch Internationalists, and peace too. Liebknecht and Bebel had given vidence of this in 1870-71, when they both imprisoned for denouncing the at- upon France, and for opposing the e and annexation of Alsace-Lorraine. opinions had undergone no change

eemed to me important for us all to whether the German Social Demo- then the most powerful and best organ- ingle party in the country and in the stag, could prevent mobilisation and in the event of the Kaiser and the al Council deciding to enter upon hos- All three assured me that, notwith- ing the growing strength of their party, ould be quite impossible. "'If any attempt were made to interfere in way with the Imperial policy, a few fanatics would be shot down, but the ould go on just the same, and Social rats would have to march to the like everybody else."

r this conversation I at once pointed my return to Britain that it was useless to rely upon the Social Demo- of Germany as a decisive influence in aining peace. But I never imagined arty could have acted as they have of late years.

h the deaths of the famous old leaders International Party, the German Democrats certainly became more rnist, and the leader of the combined unionists, Legien, was nothing better, now know, than an agent of the Ger- overnment, so far as foreign relations concerned. In that capacity he very y contrived that the centre of inter- al trades unionism should be estab- in Berlin. So that, even before the he tendency of the German masses o be influenced more and more by ist Imperialism, and the whole nation eing hypnotised from above with the tion of German superiority and "the st destiny" of the Fatherland to urope and dominate the planet.

rman Socialist Treachery.

n on the International Socialist Bureau n arrogance was frequent and marked. Scheidemann himself, at that time an ilitarist, openly admitted at the Party ess, speaking officially for the Execu- committee, that the agitation against ism had died down altogether! That ay, the year before the war German Democracy had been to a large extent ised, and the German trades unionists come avowedly supporters of the ment.

t was still true to say that the Ger- asses did not desire war. Why should They were gaining power in Ger- rapidly, and all that they could want way of external expansion they were e in peace without striking a blow. though I was quite sure that the Ger- junkers and militarists, with the sup- of the great armament firms, desired r for which all preparations had been ly made, I fully expected when I d the resolution and took the chair at the platforms for the great peace de- ation in Trafalgar Square, immedi- before the German armies invaded m. that the German Social Democrats and workers generally would combine with the British and French workers to maintain peace.

But German Social Democrats at the critical moment betrayed their comrades of the friendly nations in the meanest possible way by promising to vote against the war credits, and then breaking faith with them. They thus discouraged the whole Socialist world. Their conduct ever since has been such as to force upon us all the conviction that it was part of a plot for the deliberate deception of the Socialists of Europe.

Defenders of Atrocities.

That is an ugly charge, but it is justified by the facts. The Social Democrats of Germany, with a few very honourable exceptions, men of the Majority and men of the Minority alike, have acted as Socialists of the Kaiser, supporters of every sort of atrocity, defenders of aggression, tyranny, and outrage in their most abominable shape from the beginning of the war to this day. And they have done so in the face of the most solemn pledges to do precisely the reverse.

Take things as they happened. Haase was president of the Social Democratic Party in 1914. He went specially on behalf of his party to speak at the great International Socialist demonstration in Brussels. Jaures there delivered his last great oration from the same platform in favour of peace. Haase spoke in the same sense. He declared that the Social Democrats of Germany had nothing but the most fraternal feelings for France, and he pledged himself and the Social Democratic Party in the Reichstag to vote against the war credits upon his return to Berlin. The truth of this is beyond question, and nobody disputes it. Days were then of importance in view of the mobilisations that were even then going on.

Haase went back to Berlin with these assurances still fresh on his lips. His next political action was to vote, in common with all but one of his party — the imprisoned Karl Leibnecht—for those very war credits which he had told his Belgian audience he would resist to the utmost. It took him barely the time occupied in the journey from Brussels to Berlin thus to turn his coat upon the figments of good faith he had set up in order to delude his Belgian comrades, and lead them unprepared to the slaughter-house for the butchers from over the border to have their will of them. Haase is now President of the Minority Socialists, who are apparently eager to play the same game again in the matter of peace that they did in the matter of war. "Once bitten twice shy" is a proverb that commends itself to all but pacifist Labour men!

For this of Haase's was no accidental piece of treachery. Muller was officially sent at the same time to Paris on a similar errand, in order to play precisely the same part to the gallery of French Socialists. And he did. Bear in mind, always, that those were the days when, to delay mobilisation for defence, and to strengthen the hands of the honest objectors to rapid movements of troops, was to render immense service to the German General Staff. That is precisely what Muller, the German Social Democrat, contrived for his country. He too asserted that the Germans would hesitate to declare war at the last moment, and that they would be confirmed in their disinclination by the knowledge of the Social Democratic Party in the Reichstag, with one-third of the total German electorate and German army behind them, would vote against the war credits. Muller voted for the war credits himself immediately on his return to Berlin!

An Outrageous Mission.

But that is not all. No sooner had the German troops invaded and occupied Belgium, committing, in the course of their conquest of a neutral country, whose security was formally guaranteed by their own Government, every conceivable atrocity which can be inflicted on human beings and their homes, at the direct instigation of Prussian generals and Prussian statesmen—no sooner had all these horrors been successfully committed than the German Social Democratic Party, Majority men and Minority men being then all of one mind, actually sent another official embassy to their Belgian comrades! What for? It seems incredible, but it is absolutely true. They sent Wendel, Noske, and Foster to Brussels, the former in full Prussian uniform, to persuade the Belgian Socialists that Germany meant well to them, and that they could not do better than accept German rule. This was in the Maison du People at Brussels. And the Belgian Socialists protested in vain.

And these are the best of the German Social Democrats, whom our Labour Leaders are so eager to meet at Stockholm and consult with in fraternal rupture.

To go on. As the war progressed the Social Democratic Party split in two. The Majority are, at any rate, no hypocrites, whatever else they may be. They are Pan-Germans, and annexioniste to a man and a newspaper. I mention a newspaper, because the Vorwärts, edited for years by my friend Wilhelm Liebknecht, had a great record. It was regarded as the leading Socialist newspaper in Europe. Captured by the Majority, it has become a Government reptile sheet of the slimiest type. There is no doubt about what Scheidemann, Sudekum, Ebert, Heine, David, and the rest of the Majoritists have degenerated into. They are supporters of Prussianism, and all that it betokens through thick and thin. Their real leader, Scheidemann, has been pervading the neutral States as the tool of the Wilhelmstrasse. He is in favour of annexing all that can be annexed, and influencing everybody that can be influenced for the greater glory of Germany, the super-nation destined to dominate mankind. So far did he carry matters that he disgusted even some of the neutral pacifists with his outspoken brutality.

M'Donald's Indiscreet "German Friends."

Yes, but he is all in favour of the Stockholm International Socialist Peace Conference! Why? Hear him. These are his very own words of a few days ago—"If the representatives of Germany can obtain at this pacifist Conference equal success with that which our armies gained at the beginning of the war, we should carry off the greatest triumph the universe has ever seen."

What do you think of that, friend Henderson? Your "German friends" are a little indiscreet, and a good deal too arrogant, Mr Ramsay Macdonald—so at best it seems to common Englishmen.

But the Minority Social Democrats, with Haard at their head, are not much better. With the fine exception of Dr Mehring they are really just as dangerous as the envoys to Copenhagen, Christiania, Amsterdam, Bucharest, and the rest, who have been, and are doing, the Kaiser's bidding, in order to obtain a German peace.

As one who served on the Internationalist Socialist Bureau for the past ten years in succession, and has preached Social Democracy for nearly forty years, I warn my countrymen against meeting these enemies of Socialism, of nationality, of freedom, of our own country in consultative or any other form of conference until Prussianised Germany has been beaten, and the Germans themselves propose definite terms of peace, after having given up the territories they have seized.

H. M. HYNDMAN.

BERLIN IN GRIP OF EPIDEMIC.

PRUSSIAN HOLIDAY CROWDS STONED.

GERMAN CRITICISM OF HINDENBURG PEACE.

Berlin is becoming seriously alarmed at the epidemic of dysentry, which is spreading very quickly, and the capital is not the only town in Germany in which disease is prevalent, as reports from Augsburg tell of an epidemic of typhoid fever which has broken out there. "These plagues," says the Berliner Tageblatt, "may be ascribed to the fact that the streets of the town are very badly kept owing to the lack of scavengers. As a result a pest of flies swarm all over the town, and they are the greatest carriers of infection and disease. The scarcity of lime, sugar, and beer, which are the customary materials for catching these pests, has this year considerably hindered their destruction.

Hungry Prussians.

Bavarians are very much annoyed by swarms of hungry Prussians, who are bent on spending their summer holidays in a land where rations are not so scarce. The Kriegs Zeitung publishes:—"The insults to which the summer guests here are subjected on the streets and in the parks are greatly to be deplored. Even school children allow themselves the liberty of throwing stones and otherwise molesting them. Anyone seen encouraging this sort of behaviour, or anyone caught in the act of annoying such tourists, will be punished by Government order."

Michaelis' Bluster.

Dr Michaelis is still bluffing the Huns into believing that their affairs stand well. In the Vossische Zeitung he says to the journalists of Munich "that he has received information which allows of his conscientiously saying that the fronts are all firm and that Germany cannot be beaten."

Short of Gas.

The Huns are to be kept very short of gas this winter. Here are the regulations for the winter of 1917 as they appear in the Berliner Tageblatt:—"The lighting of shops and shop windows, hotels, coffee-houses, and other buildings must be cut down to one-fifth of what it was the previous winter. This will necessitate very meagre lighting, but, owing to the present gas scarcity, the order is imperative. These regulations come into force on the 10th August, 1917."

A Blow for Hun Plotholders.

Great annoyance is being felt by the German plotholders, who are loudly protesting against the new rule that all vegetables grown on their ground are to be taken into account when they are given their ration ticket by the Government

"Thinking to supplement their meagre rations," says the Frankfurter Zeitung, "the plotholders, by dint of great self-sacrifice, have saved enough seed potatoes to protect themselves and their families from want during the winter. In spite of the bad food supply, they have used up their strength on Sundays, when they should have been resting, to plant these potatoes. They complain bitterly about having to use their dearly-bought reserves as rations."

A Hindenburg Peace.

The Kolnische Zeitung publishes long lists of signatures of people who are in favour of a Hindenburg peace, as opposed to a Scheidmann peace. The West German Workman's Gazette criticises these lists very strongly:—"Who are the men who voted for a Hindenburg peace? They are professors, solicitors, and judges. Nothing but big pots. We do not find among them a single infantryman, grenadier or musketeer, locksmith, shoemaker, or joiner! We are waging war for the capitalists of Germany, those who still have enough to eat, and do not mind how long the war lasts. This is not an isolated opinion, I have heard this said not once, but hundreds of times."

GERMANY'S TAME CAT—Continued.

ALLIES' BIG PLAN IN THE WEST.

THE MENACE TO LILLE: WHAT THE ENEMY'S DELIBERATE LYING DENOTES.

BY GUY L'ESTRANGE.

(OVER "POST" SPECIAL WIRE).

London, Saturday Night.

MR LLOYD GEORGE has warned us not to form exaggerated estimates of the dimensions of the new offensive which has developed on the Flanders front

The caution is not unnecessary in view of the manner in which the Germans are now deliberately spreading false reports of our intentions in order that they may say afterwards that the plans with which they falsely credit us have not been attained.

With every desire to exercise proper reserve it is, nevertheless, impossible to resist the conclusion that the operations we are now witnessing are part of a big Allied plan. The evidences of this are overwhelming. The blows Sir Douglas Haig is striking between Lens and Loos and north of Ypres are clearly a sequel to the big offensive that was opened on the Flanders front at the end of July. That offensive, as everyone knows, was interrupted by a sudden break-up of the weather.

Nearly three weeks elapsed before the ground dried up sufficiently to enable a resumption and continuance of the offensive. Even now the condition of the terrain leaves a great deal to be desired, our troops sinking in places almost to their waists in the swampy ground over which they have to advance.

If we were watching what is known as a limited offensive and Sir Douglas Haig's objectives were merely local and aimed at nothing more than a straightening of our lines or the capture of desirable positions he would presumably have waited until the conditions were completely favourable for attack.

But it will not have escaped notice that while the British were going forward and capturing the coveted site of the village of Langemarck the French were also advancing on the heights north of the Aisne and west of Craonne, and secured important positions from the Germans. Moreover the advances from Loos and north of Ypres promise, if they can be pressed, to give us strategical advantages of the very first importance.

The Position of Lens.

Let us consider the thrust between Lens and Loos first. With an impetuous rush the Canadians captured Hill 70 almost in a flash. The garrison yielded with significant readiness, and sweeping on the Dominion troops penetrated into the mining suburbs of the main town of Lens. The position of this great centre is now precarious in the extreme. The flooded ground beyond Avion immediately to the south still presents a very serious obstacle, but we hold ground to the north which enables us to command the communications of the town to the East, and the Germans must experience the utmost difficulty in relieving and supporting the garrison.

Apart from the fact that the evacuation of Lens would uncover a rich mining district and deprive the Germans of ground which by reason of its collieries and slag heaps offers great natural advantages for the defence, the loss of the town would be a very serious blow to the enemy. The defences of Lille and Douai would be shaken, and the German line in Flanders is so constructed that the snapping of a single link threatens the stability of the entire chain.

It has been suggested in some quarters that this blow between Lens and Loos was nothing more than a feint intended to divert Von Hindenburg's attention from the more considerable blow that was being prepared north of Ypres. If that was so, the spot chosen for the feint was very admirably selected, for it creates a new danger for the foe which it is impossible for him to disregard.

An Impossible Position.

The offensive north of Ypres was on a broader front, though not so broad as the Germans represented. We attained our greatest success in capturing the ruined village of Langemarck. Without any justification the Germans have since claimed the recapture of the village. That they should have thought it necessary to circulate a deliberate lie of this kind is eloquent of the necessity under which the enemy labour of maintaining the spirits of their people at home.

It is too early, of course, to judge the effects produced by the Allied advance. The full fruits of the present series of operations have yet to be gathered. The Germans are offering a strenuous resistance, and recognise that if our advance is to be stayed it must be stayed now.

This much is demonstrated by even the most casual examination of the war map. The nearer we draw to Roulers and Lille the more impossible becomes the position of the German army holding the Belgian coast. If Lille were to fall, military opinion is generally agreed that the Germans would hardly have any alternative but to uncover the coast line.

An Indeterminate Position.

It has to be noticed that the position now occupied by both the opposing armies has become in the highest degree indeterminate in character. In recent enemy communiques frequent mention is made of the crater fields which the Germans are defending. These craters are produced, of course, by our own shell fire. They take the place of the first line trenches in the German scheme of defence. The trenches have been utterly destroyed by our artillery bombardment.

But under cover of the darkness the Germans push forward bodies of infantry into these crater holes. Where possible they are linked up with communication trenches. But each is turned into a veritable fastness by machine-guns and snipers, and from these positions, which are not easily observed by aerial reconnaissance, they contrive to inflict considerable casualties on our advancing infantry.

It will be readily appreciated, however, that these improvised defensive positions, though effective enough for the time being, can afford no permanent quarters for the enemy. Even under the influence of the recent heavy rains these crater holes must have been exceedingly uncomfortable to the enemy's troops.

Under winter conditions they would be simply impossible. Every crater hole would be filled up with muddy water, and the Germans would have no choice but to evacuate them. Very much the same difficulty would be experienced in the case of the improvised trenches at present occupied by our own troops.

It would seem to follow, therefore, that neither army expects to settle down permanently in its present quarters. And there is not much doubt in whose favour the change is likely to be effected. For it is always the British who are moving forward, and the Germans who are falling back.

Before winter conditions set in it is certain that the situation will undergo a change. Disturbed and uncertain though the weather remains, there ought to be at least two months of good campaigning weather still in front of us, and even on the Western front a good deal may be effected in that time.

The one consolation we have for the recent break-up of the weather is the reflection that summer rain usually means a fine and late autumn. The Flanders front is, of course, more affected by wet than any other arena on the Western front. But whatever the immediate future may have in store for us, it is satisfactory to reflect that such rising ground as there is in this flat country is no longer in possession of the enemy, but has passed permanently into the hands of our own troops.

Internal Discord.

The general military situation, though less favourable than we hoped it would be, is satisfactory enough when we remember the handicap we suffer from the Russian collapse. It is not the military situation, and it is not the naval situation, or even the submarines, which gives any occasion for uneasiness.

Ask any soldier or sailor you meet what he thinks of the outlook, and his review is always reassuring until he begins to dwell on the political situation at home. Unquestionably the squabblings and bickerings of the politicians are a real source of weakness to the Allied cause.

From the Terrace of the House of Commons on still nights you can distinctly hear the booming of guns on the Belgian coast. But even this reminder that "there is a war on" seems without effect on the M.P.s.

The Germans, at least, are very much alive to all that is going on in the House of Commons. The rupture between the Government and Labour over the Stockholm Conference has caused the Central Empires to take a much more cherful view of the general position than they were inclined to do even a few weeks ago. They believe that the proceedings in the British Parliament reflect a steady growth of the Pacifist movement of Great Britain. This is precisely the atmosphere which, for a long time past, they have been seeking to create.

And skilful efforts are being made to encourage this movement of public opinion by creating the impression that in Germany itself Democracy is coming by its own. Our censorship of German news coming into this country is extraordinarily ineffective. Anyone who has read the British newspapers closely since the fall of Bethmann Hollweg would imagine that the reactionary Ministerial appointmens of Herr Michaelis have been received in Germany with something like a storm of indignation

You do not get this impression from a study of such German newspapers which find their way into London. On the contrary, they convey the idea that the Germans are so well satisfied with the march of events in England that they are comparatively indifferent about their own political happenings.

KEEP STEADY!

(Respectfully dedicated to some Labour Delegates.)

(BY THE POLICEMAN POET.)

Ye bright sons of labour, don't show the white feather,
But show your true greatness when wild blows the weather;
This is the time to go forward together—
Then steady, my hearties, keep steady.

The big bully Huns who began this great bout
Are now getting wobbly and tortured with doubt;
They're dreading the moment they'll get the knockout—
Then steady, my hearties, keep steady.

How can you talk reason with wild beasts of prey?
With men who have plotted and planned for "The Day"?
As sure as God lives they would lead you astray—
Then steady, my hearties, keep steady.

The way to bring reason to murdering Huns
Is just to supply the munitions and guns,
And leave all the rest to our big-hearted sons—
Who show us the way to keep steady.

MATTHEW ANDERSON.

LUTCHESTER SURPRISES THE JAPANESE VALET.

The Girl From New York

A Tale of the Secret Service

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

The Beginning of the Story.

Captain Graham, the inventor of a marvellous new explosive, has the formula taken from him in a London hotel, and is afterwards shot.

Pamela Van Teyl, a beautiful American girl, is believed by

Oscar Fischer, an American millionaire of German origin, to be in possession of the stolen formula, and he follows her to New York.

Nikasti, a Japanese, wants the formula for Japan, but

John Lutchester, a languid Englishman, whose sole interest appears to be sport, intervenes in Pamela's behalf in the nick of time.

Fischer has a hold over Pamela's brother, whom he threatens to send to prison for forgery unless Pamela hands over the formula. Pamela is hard pressed, and Lutchester comes to her aid again, bringing a dummy pocket-book into the room, which Fischer believes to have belonged to Captain Graham.

Pamela, with a pretence of defeat, hands over the pocket-book to Fischer, who afterwards confesses that he has sent it to Germany.

Baron Von Schwerin, a special emissary of the Kaiser, discusses his plans with Fischer. He then interviews Nikasti, Japan's secret agent, who is acting as Fischer's valet, and on behalf of Germany makes an offer, through Nikasti, to the Emperor of Japan, to secure an alteration in the relations of the two countries.

CHAPTER XVIII (Continued).

"YOUR country," Von Schwerin continued, "is at war with mine because it seemed to her rulers that her interests lay with the Allies rather than with Germany. I will admit that my country was at fault. We did not recognise to its full extent the value of friendship with Japan. We did not bid high enough for your favour. Asia concerned us very little. We looked upon the destruction of our interests there in the same spirit as that with which we contemplated the loss of our colonies. All that might happen would be temporary. Our influence in Asia, our colonies, will remain with us or perish, according to the result of the war in Europe. But our statesmen overlooked one thing."

"Our factories," Nikasti murmured.

"Precisely! We have had our agents all over the world for years. Some are good, a few are easily deceived. There is no country in the world where apparently so much liberty is granted to foreigners as in Japan. There is no country where the capacity for manufacture and output has been so grossly under-estimated by our agents as yours."

Nikasti smiled.

"I had something to do with that," he announced. "It was Karl Neumann, was it not, on whom you relied? I supplied him with much information."

Von Schwerin's face clouded for a moment.

"You mean that you fooled him, I suppose," he said. "Well, it is all part of the game. That is over now. We want your exports to Russia stopped."

"Ah!" Nikasti murmured reflectively. "Stopped!"

"We ask no favours," Von Schwerin continued. "The issue of this war is written across the face of the skies for those who care to read."

Nikasti looked downwards at the dress-coat which he was carrying. Then he glanced up at Von Schwerin.

"Perhaps our eyes have been dazzled," he said. "Will you not interpret?"

"The end of the war will be a peace of exhaustion," Von Schwerin explained. "Our loftier dreams of conquest we must abandon. Germany has played her part, but Austria, alas! has failed. Peace will leave us all very much where we were. Very well, then, I ask you, what has Japan gained? Your answer China? I deny it. Yet if even it were true, it will take you five hundred years to make a great country of China. Suppose for a moment you had men on the other side. What about Australia? . . . New Zealand?"

"Are those things under present consideration?" Nikasti queried.

"Why not?" Von Schwerin replied. "Listen. Close your exports to Russia within the next thirty days. Build up for yourselves a stock of ammunition, add to your fleet, and prepare. Within a year of the cessation of war there is no reason why your national dream should not be realised. Your fleet may sail for San Francisco. The German Fleet shall make a simultaneous attack upon the eastern coast of Massachusetts and New York."

"The German Fleet," Nikasti repeated. "And Britain?"

Von Schwerin's eyes flashed for a moment.

"If the British Fleet is still in being," he declared, "it will be a crippled and defeated fleet, but, for the sake of your point of view, I will assume that it exists. Even then there will be nothing to prevent the German Fleet from steaming in what waters it pleases. If our shells fall upon New York on the day when your warships are sighted off the Californian coast, do you suppose that America could resist? With her seaboard, her fleet is contemptible. For her wealth, her army is a farce. She has neglected for a great many years to pay her national insurance. She is the one country in the world who can be bled for the price of empires."

Fischer, who had been smoking furiously, spat out the end of a fresh cigar.

"It will be a just retribution," he interposed, with smothered fierceness. "Under the guise of neutrality, America has been responsible for the lives of hundreds of thousands of my countrymen. That we never can, we never shall, forget. The wealth which makes these people fat is blood-money, and Germany will take her vengeance."

"For whom do you speak?" Nikasti inquired.

Von Schwerin rose from his place.

"For the greatest of all."

"Do I take anything but words to Tokio?" the Japanese asked softly.

Fischer unfolded a pocket-book and drew from it a parchment envelope.

"You take this letter," he said, "which I brought over myself from Berlin, signed and written not more than three weeks ago. I ask you to believe in no vague promises. I bring you the pledged faith of the greatest ruler on earth. What do you say, Nikasti? Will you accept our mission? Will you go back to Tokio and see the Emperor?"

Nikasti bowed.

"I will go back," he promised. "I will sail as soon as I can make arrangements. But I cannot tell what the issue may be. We Japanese are not a self-seeking nation. Above and higher than all things are our ideals and our honour. I cannot tell what answer our Sovereign may give to this."

"These are the days when the truest patriotism demands the most sublime sacrifices," Von Schwerin declared. "Above all the ethics of individuals comes the supreme necessity of self-preservation."

The Japanese smiled slightly.

"Ah!" he said, "there speaks the philosophy of your country, Baron, the pæan of materialism."

"The destinies of nations," Baron von Schwerin exclaimed, "are above the man-made laws of a sentimental religion! One needs, nowadays, more than to survive. It is necessary to flourish."

Nikasti stood suddenly to attention.

"It is Mr Van Teyl who returns," he warned them.

He glided from the room, shaking out a little the dress-coat which he had been carrying. The two men looked after him. Fischer threw his cigar savagely away and lit another.

"Curse these Orientals!" he muttered. "They listen and listen, and one never knows. Van Teyl won't be here for hours. That was just an excuse to get away."

But there was a smile of triumph on Von Schwerin's lips.

"I know them better than you do, Fischer," he declared. "Nikasti is our man!"

CHAPTER XIX.

High up in one of the topmost chambers of the Hotel Plaza, in one of those long, tongue-like extensions of brick and steel, reared as though by an afterthought for the housing of the hotel servants, Nikasti, after his conference with Von Schwerin and Fischer, sought solitude.

He opened the high windows, out of which he could scarcely see, dragged up a chest of drawers and perched himself, Oriental fashion, on the top, his long yellow fingers intertwined around his knees, his soft brown eyes travelling over the Park, losing themselves in the wooded slopes on the other side of the Hudson.

He was away from the clamour of tongues, from the poisoned clouds of sophistry, even from the disturbance of his own thoughts, incited by specious arguments to some form of reciprocity. Here he sat in the clouds and searched for the true things.

His eyes seemed to be travelling over the battlefields of Europe. He saw the swaying fortunes of mighty armies, he looked into council chambers, he seemed to feel the pulses of the great world force which kept going this most amazing Juggernaut. He saw the furnaces of Japan, blazing by night and day; saw the forms of hundreds of thousands of his fellow-creatures bent to their task; saw the streams of ships leaving his ports, laden down with stores; saw the great guns speeding across Siberia, the endless trains of ammunition, the rifles, food for the famine-stricken giants who beat upon the air with empty fists. He saw the gold come streaming back. He saw it poured into the banks, the pockets of the merchants, the homes of his people.

He saw brightening days throughout the land. He saw the slow but splendid strength of the nation rejoicing in its new possibilities. And beyond that, what? Wealth was the great means towards the great end, but if the great end were once lost sight of there was no more hideous poison than that stream of enervating prosperity.

He remembered his own diatribes concerning the decadence of Britain; how he had pointed to the gold poison, to the easy living of the poor, the blatant luxury of the rich. He had pointed to the soft limbs, the cities which had become pools of sensuality, to the daily life which, calling for no effort, had seen the passing of the spirit and the triumph of the gross.

And what about his own people? Mankind was the same the world over. The gold which was bringing strength and life to the nation might very soon exude the same poisonous fumes, might very soon be laying its thrall upon a people to whom living had become an easier thing. However it might be for others, the Western nations, for his own he firmly believed that war alone, with its thousand privations, its call to the chivalry of his people, was the one great safeguard. China!

The days had gone by when the taking of China could inspire. It was to greater things they must look. Australia, New Zealand! Had any Western race the right to flaunt her Empire's flag in Asiatic seas? And America! Once again he left the slow rising of wrath as he recalled the insults of past years . . the adventurous sons of his country treated like savages and negroes by that uncultured, strong-limbed race of coarse-fibred, unimaginative materialists. There was a call, indeed, to the soul of his country to avenge, to make safe, the homes and lives of her colonists.

Across the seas he looked into the council chambers of the wise men of his race. He saw the men whose word would tell. He watched their faces turned towards him, waiting; heard the beginning of the conflict of thoughts and minds — blind fidelity to the cause which they had espoused, or a rougher, more splendid, more selfish stroke for the greatness of Japan and Japan only.

"If we break our faith we lose our honour," one mumured. "There is no honour save the care of my people," he heard one of his greatest countrymen reply. . . So he sat and thought, revolved in his mind arguments, morals, philosophy. It was the problem which had confronted the great Emperor, his own ancestor, who had lived for three months on the floor of the Temple, asking but one question of the Silent Powers—"Through what gate shall I lead my nation to greatness?" . . .

The senses of the man who crouched in his curious attitude, with his eyes still piercing the heavens, were mobile and extraordinary things. No disturbing sounds had reached him from outside. His isolation seemed complete and impregnable. Yet, without turning his head, he was perfectly conscious of the slow opening of the door. His whole frame stiffened. He was conscious for one bitter second of a lapse from the careful guarding of his ways. That second passed, however, and left him prepared even for danger, his brain and muscles alike tense. He turned his head. The expression of slow surprise, which even parted his lips and narrowed his eyes, was only half assumed. "What do you wish?" he asked.

Lutchester did not for a moment reply. He had closed the door behind him carefully. He was looking around the room now with evident interest. Its bareness of furniture and decoration were noteworthy, but on the top of the ugly chest of drawers was a great bowl of roses, a queer little ivory figure set in an arched frame of copper—a figure almost sacredotal, with its face turned towards the east—and a little show of rose leaves, which could scarcely have fallen there by accident, at the foot of the pedestal. Lutchester inclined his head gravely, as he looked towards it, a gesture entirely reverential, almost an obeisance. Nikasti's eyes were clouded with curiosity. He slipped down to the ground.

"I have travelled in your country," Lutchester said gravely, as though in explanation. "I have visited your temples. I may say that I have prayed there."

"And now?" Nikasti asked.

"I am for my country what you are for yours," Lutchester proceeded. "You see, I know when it is best to speak the truth. I am in New York because you are in New York, and if you leave on Saturday for Japan it may happen—of this I am not sure—but I say that it may happen that I shall accompany you."

"I shall be much honoured," Nikasti murmured.

"You came here," Lutchester continued, "to meet an emissary from Berlin. Your country, which could listen to no official word from any one of her official enemies, can yet, through you, learn what is in their minds. You have seen to-day Fischer and the Baron von Schwerin. Fischer has probably presented to you the letter which he has brought from Berlin. Von Schwerin has expounded further the proposition, and the price which form part of his offer."

Nikasti's face was imperturbable, but there was trouble in his eyes.

"You have found your way to much knowledge," he muttered.

"I must find my way to more. I must know what Germany offers you. I must know what is at the back of your mind when you repeat this offer in Tokio."

"You can make, then, the unwilling speak?" Nikasti demanded.

"Even that is amongst the possibilities," Lutchester affirmed. "Strange things have been done for the cause which such as you and I revere."

Nikasti showed his white teeth for a moment in a smile meant to be contemptuous.

"It is a great riddle, this, which we toss from one to the other," he observed. "I am the simple valet of two gentlemen living in the hotel. You have listened, perhaps, to fairy tales, or dreamed them yourself, sir."

"It is no fairy tale," Lutchester rejoined, "that you are Prince Nikasti, the third son of the great Marquis Ato, that you and I met more than once in London when you were living there some years ago; that you travelled through our country, and drew up so scathing an indictment of our domestic and industrial position that, but for their clumsy diplomacy, your country would probably have made overtures to Germany. Ever since those days I have wondered about you. I have wondered whether you are with your country in her friendship towards Britain."

"I have no friends but my country's friends," Nikasti declared; "no enemies save her enemies. But to-day those things of which you have spoken do not concern me. I am the Japanese valet of Mr Fischer and Mr Van Teyl."

Lutchester, as though by accident, came a step further into the room. Nikasti's eyes never left his face. Perhaps at that moment each knew the other's purpose, though their tongues clung to the other things.

"Will you talk to me, Japan?" Lutchester asked calmly. "You have listened to Germany. I am Britain."

"If you have anything to say," Nikasti replied, "Baron Yung is at Washington."

"You and I know well," Lutchester continued, "that ambassadors are but the figure-heads in the world's history. Speak to me of the things which concern our nations, Nikasti. Tell me of the letter you bear to the Emperor. You have nothing to lose. Sit down and talk to me, man to man. You have heard Germany. Hear Britain. Tell me of the promises made to you within the last hour, and I will show you how they can never be kept. Let us talk of your country's future. You and I can tell one another much."

"A valet knows nothing," Nikasti murmured.

Lutchester came a step nearer. Nikasti, in retreating, was now almost in a corner of the room.

"Listen," Lutchester went on, "for many years I have suspected that you are an enemy of my country. That is the reason why, when our Intelligence Department learnt of your mission, I chose to come myself to meet you. And now we meet, Nikasti, face to face, and all that you are willing to do for your country, I am willing to do for mine, and unless you sit down and talk this matter out with me as man to man, you will not leave New York."

The arm of the Japanese stole with the most perfect naturalness inside his coat, and Lutchester knew then that the die was cast. The line of blue steel flashed out too late. The hand which gripped the strangely-shaped little knife was held as though in a vice, and Lutchester's other arm was suddenly thrown around the neck of his assailant, his fingers pressed against his windpipe.

"Drop the knife," he ordered.

It fell clattering on to the hard floor. Nikasti, however, twisted himself almost free, took a flying leap sideways, and seized his adversary's leg. In another moment he came down upon the floor with a crash. Lutchester's grip upon him, a little crueller now, was like a band of steel.

"There are many ways of playing this game. It is you who have chosen this one," he said. "It's no use, Nikasti. I know as much of your own science as you do. You're my man *now* until I choose to let you free, and before I do that I am going to read the letter which you are taking to Japan."

Nikasti's eyes were red with fury, but every movement was torture. Lutchester held him easily with one hand, felt over him with the other, drew the letter from his vest, and, shaking it free from its envelope, held it out and read it. When he had finished, he replaced it in the envelope and pushed it back into the other's breast-pocket.

"Now," he directed, "you can get up."

Nikasti scrambled to his feet. There were livid marks under his eyes. For a moment he had lost all his vitality, he was like a beaten creature.

"You would never have done this," he muttered, "ten years ago. I grow old."

"So that is the letter which you are taking to your Emperor!" Lutchester said. "You think it worth while! You can really see the German Fleet steaming past the British Isles, out into the Atlantic, and bombarding New York!"

Nikasti made no reply. Lutchester looked at him for a moment thoughtfully. There was a light once more in the beaten man's eyes—a queer, secretive gleam. Lutchester stooped down and picked up the knife from the floor.

"Nikasti," he enjoined, "listen to me, for your country's sake. The promise contained in that letter is barely worth the paper it is written on, so long as the British Fleet remains what it is. But, apart from that, I tell you here, of my own profound conviction—and I will prove it to you before many days are past—Germany does not intend to keep this promise."

Nikasti made no reply. His face was expressionless.

"Germany has but one idea," Lutchester continued. "She means to play you and America off against one another. I have found out her offer to you. All I can say is, if you take it seriously you are not the man I think you. Now I will tell you what I am going to do. I am going to find out her offer to America. I will bring that to you, and you shall see the two side by side. Then you shall know how much you can rely upon a country whose diplomacy is bred and born of lies, who cheats at every move of the game, who makes you a deliberate offer here which she never has the least intention of keeping. Have you anything to say to me, Nikasti?"

Nikasti raised his eyes for one moment.

"I have nothing to say," he replied. "I am the valet of Mr Fischer and Mr Van Teyl. These things are not of my concern."

Lutchester shrugged his shoulders.

"Whatever you may be," he concluded, "and however much you may resent all that has happened, I know that you will wait. I might go direct to Washington, but I prefer to come to you, if it remains possible. Before you leave this country we will meet again, and, when you have heard me, you will tear that letter which you are treasuring next your heart into small pieces."

Lutchester turned and left the room, closing the door behind him. Nikasti crouched in his place without movement. The ache in his heart seemed to be shining out of his face. He turned slowly towards the little figure of black ivory, his head drooped lower—he was filled with a great shame.

Another instalment of this story will appear next week. Do not miss it.

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PERSONALITIES IN THE LIMELIGHT AND TOPICS OF THE HOUR

Exclusively Written For "The Post Sunday Special."

ling Flags for Sailors.

A bevy of girls were early astir in Glasgow yesterday morning selling flags in aid of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society. Mrs Leask took a prominent part in the arrangements for the flag day, acting as convener for the Gorbals and Crosshill districts.

ats and Flats!

Some lynx eyed tenement landlords in lasgow are advising householders that the ats are for sale and rent cannot be ac-ted. The tenants' view is that only ats" would deal in property on this prin-le.

e Girls and the Wood.

Our munition girls are not spending all eir surplus cash on dressy millinery. My nconist was telling me that recently ere has been a big increase in the pur-se by women of high-class cigarettes, ich he rather hinted didn't all go to the est boy" in France!

dinburgh's Gain.

Greenock is losing one of its most re-ected and popular ministers in the Rev. hn Campbell, who early next month es over the pastorate of the Tolbooth rish, Edinburgh. Mr Campbell has ex-ised a powerful ministry in the West End Greenock, and his departure is regretted representatives of all denominations. In college days he was one of Glasgow iversity's most distinguished prizemen.

mier's War Economy.

eather is so dear these days that even £5000 a year men think twice before ing new footwear. Mr Lloyd George seen walking about London the other with a distinct crack right across his boot. Many people would be very d if certain statesmen at the other side the North Sea had cracks on their ds!

nsforming the "Port."

ly certies! Port-Glasgow will be quite bonnie place some day. Through the erosity of the Brothers Lithgow, whose ncely gifts have done much to improve town, the "Port" is shortly to have esplanade.

Meantime the "Port" prospers exceed-ly, and an enthusiastic band of war kers see to it that the burgh's reputa-n for generosity to war funds is main-ed to the highest pitch. None of these more active than Mrs Wm. Campbell, is making arrangements for a big fete be held in the Birkmyre Park next week. shipyards are supporting the scheme oddily, and Mrs Campbell hopes to net ast £2000.

gratulations.

These are surely due Mr James S. Ritchie, who has attained his jubilee as registrar of Denny. His father, whom he succeeded, fulfilled the duties from the passing of the Registration Act. Mr Ritchie has just received the felicitations of the Registrar-eral.

SHOPPING BY POST.

Closely set advertisements are inserted under this heading at the prepaid rate of 2d per word.

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Sugar Worries.

Recent prosecutions for illegal procuring of sugar for jam have sent cold shivers down the backs of many respectable people who, up till the advent of Food Controllers, had worn unchallenged the white lily of a blameless life!

Lofty!

An American airman has married whilst on a flight — parson accompanying the couple. A Scottish airman ventures to suggest that the parties have very lofty ideals

Glasgow and the Sam-ees.

Glasgow is hoping that the Sam-ees will come in State to the Second City. The guidfolks are not unhopeful of impressing the Americans that, in the matter of hospitality at any rate, they can "lick creation." They feel sure that the Sam-ees would say "SOME place, Glasgow."

Interesting Highland Engagement.

One of the latest engagements is that of Miss Alice Maie Campbell Orde, eldest daughter of Sir Arthur J. Orde Campbell, the Baronet who owns the island of North Uist. Sir Arthur has made several unsuccessful attempts to sell his romantic property, which provides a rental of about £5000 a year. Miss Campbell Orde's fiance is the Rev. J. M. Macfarlane Barrow, of Lochgilphead.

A Brief Holiday.

Lord Balfour of Burleigh, who has been working very strenuously of late, is spending a brief holiday at Kennet, Alloa.

What Next?

Glasgow police have discovered another female intruder in the masculine sphere—a lady bookmaker. A woman centre forward of Celtic or Rangers will be the next thing!

"More Wonderful Than a Machine Gun."

Miss Mary Macarthur is credited with the remark that "women have done some wonderful things, but a baby is a more wonderful thing than a machine gun.' Miss Macarthur is one of the few Scottish married ladies who continue to use their maiden name. She is the wife of Mr W. C. Anderson, the well-known Labour M.P.

Invalided Home.

Colonel M. M. Duncan, C.M.G., V.D., of the Royal Field Artillery, has been invalided home as the result of an accident at the front. In pre-war days he was one of the best known advocates in Aberdeen, and as secretary of the Royal Aberdeen Golf Club was known as a keen and proficient golfer, not only on the Balgownie course, but also at Lossiemouth, Dornoch, and other courses in the North, where he took part in tournaments.

"Never Mind the Weather."

The Countess of Dalhousie scorned an umbrella, though rain fell heavily, when she opened a garden fete for the Red Cross promoted by the Brechin Bowling Club. As this "snap" shows, she performed the ceremony as cheerfully as if the sun were shining. There are not many of the fair sex who care for an experience like this. The "mere man" will agree, I'm sure.

Child Welfare in the Highlands.

Baby Week in Inverness has roped in over £300. The brain of the child welfare movement in the capital of the Highlands is Mrs Fraser Mackenzie of Allangrange, who has been heartily congratulated on the success of the effort. Her husband, Major Fraser Mackenzie, is one of the most popular officers in the North. Two of her sons are on service, and one has been awarded the Military Cross.

Duchess of Portland at John o' Groats.

The Duchess of Portland, who has arrived at her Scottish residence near John o' Groats, is one of our keenest war workers. Her Grace is very partial to her northmost home, and next to it prefers Fullerton House, in Ayrshire. During the last few months she has been entertaining on a large scale the troops who have been training in the neighbourhood of Welbeck Abbey.

Where There's a Will.

Like "Mr Britling," a young Edinburgh student has been seeing it through. What think you? He has just qualified for his matriculation in the civilian camp at Ruhleben. When war broke out Mr Letham K. White, the son of an Edinburgh Councillor, was on holiday in Germany. He was then sixteen years of age, and intended to return to the Royal High School with a view to studying for the leaving certificate. The Germans interned him, however.

At Ruhleben a number of the captives held classes, and with the permission of the camp authorities sat the examination from papers sent out by the London University.

Wee Georgie Wood Has Grown a Bit.

I had a note and a photo (reproduced elsewhere on this page) from Wee Georgie Wood the other day. He tells me to notice that he has "grone" a bit since I saw him last. He has. He looks more like a miniature Seymour Hicks than the precocious child we have been accustomed to see him as. But Wee Georgie is more than a precocious youngster. Off the stage he's a very keen business chap. I had a chat with him when he was in Glasgow last, just as he was going to London for rehearsals of the play he is now appearing in, and I was struck with the wealth of detail he entered into. He was very enthusiastic about "The Dummy," and told me he just loved his part as the Irish-American "detective" Barney.

LEADING THEATRICAL LIGHTS IN SCOTLAND THIS WEEK

(1) Miss Helen Temple in "Ghosts" at Her Majesty's Theatre, Dundee. (2) Miss Miriam Cooper in D. W. Griffith's big picture, "Intolerance," at the Theatre Royal, Glasgow. (3) Carlton, the famous conjurer and entertainer, appearing with his satellites at the King's Theatre, Dundee. (4) Miss Vera Wootton at the Empire Theatre, Glasgow. (5) Miss Marie Hall, the world-famous violinist, at the Empire Theatre, Glasgow. (6) Wee Georgie Wood in "Some Detective" at the Alhambra, Glasgow. (7) Miss Agnes Maude in "Are You a Mason?" at the King's Theatre, Glasgow. (8) Miss Margaret Cooper at the Empire Theatre, Edinburgh.

Lieut.-Col. S. A. Innes, D.S.O.

Lieutenant-Colonel S. A. Innes, D.S.O., of the Black Watch, who has been wounded on active service, is the younger brother of Lieutenant Innes of Raemoir, of the Gordon Highlanders, who fell at the front in 1915, a cadet of the family of Sir James Innes, thirteenth Baronet of Edengight House, Banffshire, formerly of Linder Bank, Perth, and associated with Commander Innes, who is placing the woodlands of Raemoir so willingly at the disposal of the Government for timber, which is being cut, snadded, and peeled for pit-props by a large number of Glasgow and Edinburgh boys from higher-grade schools.

The Duke of Montrose.

The Duke of Montrose, who has just been made a Brigadier-General, is very well known in the Clyde district. In London in the '70's he was considered one of the handsomest figures in the Guards, and he still retains something of the dash and spirit of these days. The Duke fought in the South African War, and is a great sportsman, devoted to racing and yachting.

An Airdrie War Worker.

Photo by Lafayette.

Airdrie, like many of the industrial communities, has played a noble part in war work, and the activities of the ladies cover a wide field of usefulness. Its Red Cross Branch is one of the most active in Lanarkshire. Among those closely associated with its administration is Mrs Frew, the wife of the Provost, who has rendered signal service to the community since her husband assumed the civic chair.

Harry Lauder's Relics.

One of the attractions of the fete on Tuesday first at Struan Lodge, Dunoon, which is promoted by Mrs Bennett, wife of Major Alex. J. M. Bennett, hon. treasurer of the Argyllshire Branch of the Red Cross Society, is to be the display of war relics picked up by Harry Lauder on his recent visit to France.

And His Luck.

Harry had the relics on view at a Strachur fete last Saturday, and, inter alia, tried his luck at a penny draw. His first ticket won him a dozen of herring caught in Lochfyne near by. He tried twice again, and got nothing. "Ach," he remarked, "I'll no buy ony mair tickets. I'm only once lucky." "Yes," wittily replied the lady seller, "only once—and that was all your days." At which Harry and his friends laughed heartily.

Our Religious Admirals.

Curious thing, isn't it, that our Admirals give expression to their religious beliefs more freely than apparently do our Generals? In a church at an East Coast base the other Sunday the service was conducted by a well-known Admiral, whose address was largely based on his experience of the power of prayer.

THEATRE ROYAL,
GLASGOW.
MONDAY, 20th Aug., for Short Season.
2.30—TWICE DAILY—7.30.

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D. W. GRIFFITH'S MASTERPIECE.
INTOLERANCE.
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THE MONGADORS.
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MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY,
August 20th, 21st, 22d,
PEGGY HYLAND in
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ALL THE WEEK, Commencing MONDAY, August 20th,
CHARLES CHAPLIN in His Latest Comedy,
"THE IMMIGRANT."
THURSDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY,
August 23d, 24th, 25th,
DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS in
"THE HALF-BREED."

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TWICE NIGHTLY, 7 and 9.
MONDAY, August 20, 1917.
"CARLTON"
And His Satellites
In
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"THE FLAMING SWORD," in 3 Acts.
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THURS., FRI., and SAT.,
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THEATRE ROYAL
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Prices—4/- to 6d. *Box Office—10 till 6.*

RESULTS AT A GLANCE.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

Celtic,	4	Ayr United,	0
Clydebank,	0	Clyde,	4
Hearts,	2	St Mirren,	1
Airdrieonians,	2	Queen's Park,	4
Partick Thistle,	3	Morton,	3
Kilmarnock,	0	Rangers,	1
Third Lanark,	2	Motherwell,	4
Hamilton Acad.,	1	Hibernian,	0
Dumbarton,	4	Falkirk,	1

WESTERN LEAGUE.

Abercorn,	1	Stevenston United,	3
Johnstone,	2	Albion Rovers,	2
Vale of Leven,	2	Dumbarton Harp,	0

EASTERN LEAGUE.

East Fife,	0	Raith Rovers,	1
Dunfermline Ath.,	3	Cowdenbeath,	2
Dundee,	5	Dundee Hibs,	1

GLASGOW JUNIOR LEAGUE.

Strathclyde,	1	Parkhead,	1
Gloucairn,	5	Perthshire,	1
Benburb,	0	Ashfield,	0
Petershill,	2	Rob Roy,	1
Cambuslang Ran.,	4	Maryhill,	3
Bellshill Athletic,	1	Pollok,	3
Vale of Clyde,	2	Clydebank Juniors,	1
Larkhall Thistle,	5	Shettleston,	0

SCOTISH JUNIOR LEAGUE.

St Mirren Juniors,	2	Burnbank Athletic,	1
St Anthony's,	2	Blantyre Victoria,	0
Kilsyth Emmet,	1	Renfrew Victoria,	4
Oatlands Juniors,	0	Kilsyth Rangers,	3
Port-Glasgow Jun.,	0	Bedlay Juniors,	0
G'boig Cameronians,	4	Yoker Athletic,	1
St Paul's United,	2	Neilston Victoria,	2
Croy Celtic,	4	Cowahead Celtic,	1

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

	P.	W.	L.	D.	Goals F.	A.	Pts.
Celtic,	1	1	0	0	4	0	2
Clyde,	1	1	0	0	4	0	2
Dumbarton,	1	1	0	0	4	1	2
Motherwell,	1	1	0	0	4	2	2
Queen's Park,	1	1	0	0	4	2	2
Hearts,	1	1	0	0	2	1	2
Hamilton Acad.,	1	1	0	0	1	0	2
Rangers,	1	1	0	0	1	0	2
Partick Thistle,	1	1	0	0	3	2	2
Morton,	1	1	0	0	3	3	2
Airdrieonians,	1	1	0	1	2	2	2
Third Lanark,	1	1	0	1	2	4	2
St Mirren,	1	1	0	1	2	4	2
Hibernian,	1	1	0	1	1	2	2
Falkirk,	1	1	0	1	1	2	2
Clydebank,	1	1	0	1	0	1	2
Ayr United,	1	1	0	1	0	4	2
Kilmarnock,	1	1	0	1	0	1	2

WHIPPETING.

GLASGOW MEET.

Another £20 handicap made up the card at Glasgow yesterday. First and second in heats:—Mr Gorman's Grecian Girl (18½) and Mr Little's Billy Hogg (24); Mr Jock's Pitch Dark (27½) and Mr Kenyon's Flash Lady (29); Mr M'Crystal's Irish Maid (5) and Mr Smillie's Fishwife (28); Mr M'Kenzie's Hayburn Lass (22) and Mr Heaney's Black Ned (19½); Mr M'Conville's O.K. (27½) and Mr Mitchell's Maud (29); Mr Muir's Sweep (17) and Mr Davis' Sugar Lass (26); Mr M'Ghee's High Life (19) and Mr Carrigan's Valleyhill Boy (19½); Mr Gordon's Adeline (26) and Mr Tollan's Shy Lass (19½); Mr Smith's Horror (18½) and Mr Donnelly's Round Up (24); Mr M'Cruden's Wild Lassie (31) and Mr Smillie's Adam (24½); Mr Gardiner's Trench Digger (19½) and Mr Beaton's No Surrender (15½); Mr Ross' Snooks (16) and Mr Campbell's Breadwinner (11½); Mr Brannan's Hardships (19½) and Mr Osborne's Lily of the Valley (22½); Mr Anderson's Dido (9½) and Mr Bill's Lady Pearce (25); Mr Beattie's Cairnhill Lad (14½) and Mr Burke's Mary's Pet (21); Mr Purdon's Lochburn Lad (21½) and Mr Baker's Sail Away (27½); Mr Smith's Blacksmith (19) and Mr M'Lean's Final Shot (13½); Mr M'Manus Black Chief (18) and Mr Strawhorn's Twister (17½); Mr Moir's Visitor (11½) and Mr M'Donald's Hector (24); Mr Browning's Day Girl (31) and Mr Dobbie's Jolly Jack (31), dead heat; Mr Reid's Gather Up (24) and Mr Bookie's Bill (26); Mr Mitchell's Lie Low (20½) and Mr —'s Ball H. (27½); Mr Allan's Orchard (13½) and Mr M'Laren's Blue Boy (9½); Mr Anderson's Orange Blossom (16½) and Mr Clark's Marmion (16½); Mr Mack's Lady Voyage (19) and Mr Irvine's Tovaros (20); Mr Quinn's Sally (17½) and Mr Taylor's Tony Boy (15½).

Final Semi-Final—Flash Lady and Grecian Girl.

Second Semi-Final—Horror and Wild Lassie.

Third Semi-Final—Black Chief and Dido.

Fourth Semi-Final—Marmion, Lady Voyage, and Orange Blossom (dead heat for second place).

Final—1 (£18) Mr Kenyon's Flash Lady, 2 (£2) Mr M'Manus' Black Chief and Mr Clark's Marmion (dead heat for second place).

Also ran—Grecian Girl, Horror, Wild Lassie, Dido, Orange Blossom, and Lady Voyage.

Betting—5 to 4 on Flash Lady, 3 to 1 against Black Chief, 4 to 1 Grecian Girl, 6 to 1 Orange Blossom and Marmion, 8 to 1 others. Won by a head.

COATBRIDGE HANDICAP.

A new £20 handicap brought out a large entry yesterday. The racing was fast and keen. The programme opened with the semi-finals in previous week's handicap. Results:—First Semi-Final—1 M'Guire's Stirabout (24), 2 Muir's Fairybank (22). Second Semi-Final—1 Faulkner's Aunt Fanny (25); 2 Lindsay's Sybo (28). Final—1 Stirabout, 2 Fairybank. Close finish. Betting—3 to 1 winners, 5 to 1, 6 to 1, and 10 to 1 offered against others. Twenty-two heats in a new handicap (first and second to run in final) were afterwards completed.

EDINBURGH DOGS.

A 190 yards dog handicap was run at Powderhall yesterday in 29 heats, bringing out nearly a couple of hundred dogs. Finalists—Aitchison's (Edinburgh) Violet (28); Page's (Methil) Nelson (27); Dawson's (East Wemyss) Ever Anxious (27); Brown's (Fauldhouse) Gibson Girl (30); Beveridge's (Fauldhouse) Sir Thomas (24). Final—(£8) Nelson. Other finalists 10s each. Betting—6 to 4 on Nelson, 2 to 1 against Violet, 3 to 1 against Ever Anxious, 5 to 1 Gibson Girl, 10 to 1 Sir Thomas. A good race. Won by half a yard. Time—10½ secs.

LOCHGELLY RACE.

1 Mick (Mr M'Ewen, Cowdenbeath) (11½); 2 Review (Mr Fayden, Lumphinnan) (15); 3 Miss Lauder (Mr Wilson, Lochore) (15); 4 Has Been (Mr Duncan, Lochgelly) (10). Betting—2 to 1 against Mick.

BOWLING.

OPEN TOURNEY AT MOFFAT.

Fourth Round—E. Littlefair (Newcastle), 21; Graham (Rutherglen), 7. James Edgar (Moffat), 21; James Park (New Cumnock), 13. George Goldie (Hurlford), 21; James Kennedy (Edinburgh), 16. Joseph Churnside (Newcastle), 21; H. J. Smith (New Cumnock), 13. John Pillans (Glasgow), 21; George Dewar (Edinburgh), 16. Scott (Wallsend), 21; D. Nicholson, 6. William Mitchell, 21; Colin Moffat, 8. Robert Sprott, 21; J. Phillips, 10. G. H. Young, 21; George Elder, 19. A. Aitchison, 21; Bryce, 12. T. Jeffrey, 21; R. Young, 14. Bert Hamilton, 21; W. Muras, 9. M'Kenzie, 21; James Kirk, 16.

Fifth Round—John Pillans, 21; J. B. Scott, Wallsend, absent.

The final round in a bowling competition, for which there were ninety-seven entries, played on various greens at Arbroath on behalf of Red Cross funds and for a cup, two medals, and prizes presented by Mr George T. Shepherd, of the Newgate Club, was concluded this afternoon on Newgate Green, when the winners of the trophy were E. Noble and A. Colville (Newgate), who defeated J. Watt and R. Ritchie (Abbey) in the final by 50-11. A sum of fully £25 was realised.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE TOURNEY OPENS IN PROMISING STYLE.

SAINT WISHES TO CHASTISE A SPECTATOR AT TYNECASTLE.

CRITICAL REVIEW OF ALL THE PRINCIPAL GAMES.

Celtic opened at home with Ayr United in opposition. Showery weather kept the attendance down to about 10,000. Livingstone, of Ashfield fame, was the only new face in the champions' ranks. He was at left back, Dodds figuring as pivot. Semple, late Dumbarton, was out for Ayr, and Steel, with English service, led the Somerset van, while Brown, ex St Mirren, appeared on the extreme left. Jamie Hay, the ex-Celt, skippered the Ayrshire team. The Celts began against a light breeze. Both goals were rapidly visited. Celtic scored somewhat lucky in ten minutes. Severe pressure by the United was relieved by M'Coll dashing away on his own. When challenged by Semple he drove for goal, a low, angular shot. Nisbet fell in his effort to stop the ball, which he simply handed out to Browning, who promptly netted. Then M'Menemy almost did the trick with a terrific header, Nisbet saving miraculously. Ayr next attacked, but the home defence was perfectly safe, although repeatedly challenged by fast forward work. Gallagher missed a palpable chance at the other end, and a little later Shaw saved a beauty from R. Cringan. Play was keen and generally clever up to the interval, the United creating quite a good impression. On the run of the game, however, the Celtic were value for their lead. Half-time—Celtic, 1; Ayr United, 0.

M'Coll put Celtic further ahead in the first minute. He headed through a centre by M'Atee after thrusty play all along the line. Ayr came away strongly, and twice Shaw cleared cleverly from Brown and once from R. Cringan. Ayr maintained the pressure, but the champions' defence withstood all attacks. Gallagher broke clean away, with M'Coll in attendance, and the centre easily added a third goal, with the Ayr defence up the pole. Fifteen minutes later M'Menemy passed to M'Coll. He slipped the ball to Browning, who cut in swiftly, and netted on a fourth. Celtic were now easily masters of the situation. Ayr finished poorly, with some good chances. The winners fully merited their score. Livingstone made a creditable appearance. Dodds was not an unqualified success at half, and the Celtic middle line was the least effective division in the team. Browning, M'Coll, M'Menemy, and Gallagher played very well. M'Nair and Shaw were capital. Ayr disappointed latterly. Hay lacked pace. The half-back line was powerful. Crosbie, Devine, and Steel were the pick of the forwards, who didn't shoot. Celtic, 4; Ayr United, 0.

Celtic—Shaw; M'Nair and Livingstone (Dumbarton Harp and Ashfield); Wilson, Dodds, and Brown; M'Atee, Gallagher, M'Coll, M'Menemy, and Browning.

Ayr United—Nisbet; Hay and Semple; "Somerville," W. Cringan, and M'Laurhlin; Devine (Pollok), Crosbie, Steele (Glenburn Rovers), R. Cringan, and Brown.

Referee—J. Matthews, Greenock.

RANGERS' FIRST TRIUMPH.

Rangers' large following to Kilmarnock returned delighted. The three new Light Blues—Dixon, M'Diarmid, and Archibald—were outstanding successes, and, along with Bowie, were the best men on the Ibrox side. Rangers were distinctly the superior side in the second period. Kilmarnock's close passing accounted for their failure. Rangers' play was free and open, and their success was gained by clever combination between Bowie and M'Diarmid, the latter getting the only goal of the match ten minutes from the close. Killie's front rank never settled properly, and Dixon was largely responsible for this by the manner in which he shadowed Culley. It was a gruelling game for the half-backs, Dixon towering above all. Kilmarnock had the better backs, Manderson and Blair being rather misleading. Hempsey had more to do than the Kilmarnock keeper. Rangers, 1; Kilmarnock, 0.

Kilmarnock—Blair; Hamilton and Mitchell; Henderson, Goldie, and Mackie; Fulton, Smith, Culley, Rutherford, and M'Phail.

Rangers—Hempsey; Manderson and Blair; Pursell, A. Dixon (Oldham Athletic), and Martin; Archibald (Raith Rovers), Bowie, M'Diarmid (Queen's Park), Cairns, and Lawson.

Referee—J. B. Stevenson, Motherwell.

THIRD LANARK DROP.

Motherwell opened Cathkin and captured two points, which was their due. M'Lean chalked up first goal inside eight minutes—the "'Well's" defence showed slackness and Bissett crossed, and M'Lean gave Rundell "no option." Despite wind advantage the Thirds had more chances gifted by a finical defence, but the "Reds" failed to improve. It took the "Lanrick" men 27 minutes to call "peels," and it was one of Hughie Ferguson's own. A pass from Rankin, two steps and a shot, and Wharrier was beaten. In a dangerous offensive Ferguson was going "straight," but he was "crooked." Result—a penalty, and Motherwell got on the lead with a regular net smasher from the old Parkhead Junior. The teams turned at 2-1—Motherwell up. From a corner kick Ferguson headed a third goal, and M'Lean cleared many "boots" and drove home an unstoppable one. It was a sporting finish, and M'Lean endeavoured to draw the game. As it was, with time just on the close, Ferguson got home for a fourth. Interest centred in the "new" men. For Motherwell Lees was a comer. M'Intosh, the Dundonian, was always noticeable in a quiet sort of way, but Brown's pivot place will not be adequately filled by the man in possession. Rankin, the Parkhead Junior, can be put down as a "catch." Among the old ones Rundell did well. Murray outshone M'Skimming, and Stewart was good, while forward Gray and Morgan made the better wing afield. Hughie's "pow" spoke of his prowess. Thirds have a good man in M'Gowan. Barry (Queen's) failed to hold his man, and Aitken (Benburb) has yet to show correct pacing at Cathkin. M'Lean's play redeemed the Crosshill front line from mediocrity. In the defence Wharrier was steady, M'Cormack good, and Walker the best at half.

Motherwell, 4; Third Lanark, 2. Attendance, 10,000.

Third Lanark — Wharrier; M'Cormack and M'Gowan (Cambuslang Rangers); Walker, Barry (Queen's Park), and R. Brown; Bissett, Weir, M'Lean, "Smith," and Aitken (Benburb).

Motherwell—Randell; Murray and M'Skimming; Lees (Renfrew), M'Intosh (Dundee), and Stewart; Frank Kelly, Rankin (Parkhead), Ferguson, Gray, and Morgan.

Referee—M. O'Brien, Glasgow.

FALKIRK'S FALL.

Dumbarton had Falkirk at Boghead before 3000 spectators. The home team started with the wind and sun at their backs. Falkirk, however, made a very strong opening. Their first goal came in three minutes, Shearer making no mistake with a drive that flew straight into the net. Cairney, for Dumbarton, forced a corner, which was cleared, but the ball came back to M'Kim, who turned it into the net. Falkirk claimed offside, but Mr Edwards allowed the point. At half time the score stood equal. The second half was remarkable for the complete fall away of the visiting team. When Finney kicked through Dumbarton's second goal the home lot were allowed to become quite rampant, and first of all M'Kim cleverly beat Allan from a cross of Thom's, and then Stewart drove through a beauty. Falkirk were well served by "Walters" at back. Shearer was also capable. Simpson and Walker made the better wing, though Croall was the hardest worker of the lot. Raeside was the best worker in Dumbarton's middle line. Thom was well supported in the van by Finnie, Cairney did what was expected of him in Ritchie's place, and M'Kim was assiduous at centre. Dumbarton, 4; Falkirk, 1.

Dumbarton—Miller; M'Grory and Guan; Wilson (Cambuslang Rangers), Raeside, and M'Gregor (Cambuslang Rangers); Cairney, Stewart, M'Kim, Finnie (Cambuslang Rangers), and Thom.

Falkirk—Allan (Hibernian); Scott (Denny Hibs) and "Walters"; Harvie, Comrie, and M'Millan; J. Simpson (Blackburn Rovers), Watson, Shearer, D. Croal, and Main (Aberdeen).

Referee—A. Edward, Glasgow.

HEARTS UP AT TYNECASTLE.

Marshall kicked off for St Mirren, at Tynecastle, before 12,000 spectators. The Paisley side made the running. During a raid Kiernan handled the ball and from the penalty kick Marshall opened the score. The lead was short-lived, however. Sinclair got possession and gave to Denyer who had only Richardson to beat and made no mistake. Up till the interval Sinclair was very prominent, and repeatedly had Callaghan in difficulties. Hearts restarted in great style. Barnes sent over a fine ball to Sinclair who placed to Sharp so well that another goal accrued. Following this a curious and unusual incident deprived St Mirren of the services of Higginbotham. This player evidently took exception to the remarks of a spectator, and apparently was anxious to chastise him. The referee (Mr G. H. Mackenzie), thereupon ordered the Paisley player to the pavilion. Notwithstanding this unexpected reduction in their ranks the Paisley team put up a plucky game, but were frequently on the defensive.

Black, Crossan, Sinclair, and Denyer did yeoman service for Hearts, while Richardson, M'Cabe, Walls, Lindsay, Miller, and Marshall excelled for the Saints. Hearts, 2; St Mirren, 1.

Heart of Midlothian—Black; Kiernan and Crossan; Briggs, Barnes, and Conacher; Sinclair, Malcolm, Denyer, Sharp, and Gibson.

St Mirren—Richardson (Queen's Park); M'Quade and Callaghan; Brown Pringle, and Walls; Higginbotham, Miller (Port-Glasgow Athletic), Marshall, Lindsay, and Dorward.

Referee—G. H. M'Kenzie, Glasgow.

HIBS OUTED AT HAMILTON.

Seven thousand people witnessed a good-going game at Hamilton. At the outset Kyle and Greenhorn provided some sparkling touches, but latterly they, like others, tapered off. It was left to Graham at centre half to be the first to beat M'Manus. He was entrusted with a free kick on the verge of the penalty line, and, with a rocket ball, which struck the upright on its passage through, counted with comparative ease. Hibs were most in the limelight until the interval, but their attempts at goal-getting were crude. In the second half play reached a much higher standard, and in the first half hour Hibs were decidedly unfortunate not to get on level terms. Gradually, however, the Academicals came more into the picture, and towards the close they were showing up more in accordance with the expectation of their supporters. While the Hibs are to be sympathised with in that they played so pluckily without any reward in goals, it must be conceded that the Acas, on the whole, deserved to win. The stars on their side were Miller, Graham, Greenhorn, Paterson, and Kyle. Murphy, from whom much was expected, was not impressive, and Laird was only moderately successful. Snowdon, the new goalkeeper, was inclined to risk overmuch. For the Hibs, M'Manus, Borthwick, Kerr, Gordon, Logan, Kilpatrick, and Smith were clever. Hamilton Academicals, 1; Hibs, 0.

Hamilton Academicals—Snowden (Burnbank Athletic); Robertson and Miller; Purdie, Graham, and Gunner Paterson; M'Neil, Murphy, Laird (Burnbank Athletic), Kyle, and Greenhorn (Bellshill Athletic).

Hibernian—M'Manus; Borthwick and Templeton; Kerr, Paterson, and Gordon; Logan (East Stirlingshire), Meaney, Kilpatrick, Smith, and Campbell.

Referee—T. Dryburgh, Fife.

PEELS AT FIRHILL.

Three goals apiece was a fitting finish to the Partick Thistle-Greenock Morton match at Firhill, before about 12,000. It was a thrilling game. The Thistle had four men new to each other, all in the forward line, while Morton had only one newcomer, Lister, at centre-forward. Morton were soon two goals up. A splendid corner taken by Seymour was piloted through the legs of the Thistle defence and past Ferguson. Then Lister executed a brilliant piece of individual work. Getting the ball from Gourlay, he beat Adams, and sent in an unsaveable shot. This success did not help Morton's play, however, and Morton and Bradford very nearly let Marshall in for a goal. But one came later, when, in a muddle, the old-new Thistle centre took advantage, or rather Bradford seemed to kick the ball against him, and into the net it ran. It was the big one who equalised before half-time, a deadly left foot shot beating Bradford. Thistle would have taken the lead had Marshall not tried to get the ball to his left foot again instead of shooting with his right. At this stage Gourlay was rather severely injured, and had to leave the field, and he did not resume until after half-time. Later on a stroke of luck came to the Thistle. Wright was laid out, and while he was on the touch-line a ball came down the empty centre of the field to M'Ewan, who beat Bradford. King had no occasion to give away the penalty which proved so disastrous. He up-ended Stevenson when the latter seemed in no danger of scoring. Seymour converted the penalty. Patrick Thistle have struck on a good front rank. Sibbald is fast, and can cross a good ball; M'Ewan is good; Marshall only wants playing to, and is dangerous; while John King played one of his best games at Firhill. Whittle gave Big Bill a hot afternoon. M'Mullan was the pick of the halves, and Adams the better back, while Ferguson was safe. On the Morton side Morrison was to the slow side, and Ormonde was none too sure. Wright was as safe as houses, and the forward play of M'Nab, Gourlay, and Seymour was extra. Lister will have to look out for that offside habit of his. Partick Thistle, 3; Morton, 3.

Partick Thistle—Ferguson; Adams and Bulloch; M'Mullan, Hamilton, and Joe Harris; Sibbald (Queen's Park), M'Ewan (Heart of Midlothian), J. Marshall (Bradford City), J. King (Newcastle United), and Whittle.

Morton—Bradford; Morrison and Ormonde; M'Intyre, Wright, and M'Lean; M'Nab, Gourlay, Lister (Dumbarton), Stevenson, and Seymour.

Referee—Tom Robertson.

THE BABIES' BAPTISM.

12,000 onlookers were at Clydeholm to see Clydbank duly "baptised" into the First Division by Clyde. Clyde's team was on familiar lines, the only newcomers being Peter Thorpe (Queen's Park) and Harry Rae (Benburb) at centre-forward. Clydebank fielded only five of last year's lot, the newcomers being Fullarton (Celtic) at right back, Forrest (Fulham) centre half, and Travers (Dumbarton) left half. Jarvis (Celtic) filled the right wing berth, O'Kane (Celtic) was at centre, and Croot (Rangers) was at outside left. For thirty minutes Clydebank filled the bill, and then Clyde applied the screw. The forwards bore down on M'Turk in purposeful fashion, and under the pressure a home defender handled within the area, and M'Gowan's penalty drive passed into the net over M'Turk's head. Clydebank's defence shook after this unlooked for reverse, and Clyde's forwards, coming in a body, Harry Rae finished a nice movement with a shot which beat M'Turk all ends up for a second counter.

Within ten minutes of the resumption Shimmon added further to the Babies' discomfiture with a third goal after the ball had twice rebounded from the cross bar, and within five minutes the same player completed the quartette. Till the finish Clyde were masters of the situation. Clydebank failed to finish. The halves were not good enough to hold a clever Clyde quintette. Clyde have got together a workmanlike side, but they will frequently be more severely stretched.

Clydebank—M'Turk; Fullarton (Celtic) and Ferguson; Neish, S. Forrest (Fulham), and Travers (Dumbarton); Jarvis (Celtic), Shortt, O'Kane (Celtic), Martin, and Corporal Croot (Leeds City).

Clyde—Shingleton; Thorpe (Queen's Park) and Farrell; Daly, Cowan, and Forrest; Morris, Watson, Rae (Benburb), M'Gowan, and Shimmons.

Referee—J. Binnie, Falkirk.

'ONIANS HUMBLED.

Queen's Park opened their away programme at Broomfield Park yesterday, when they administered a sound whipping to the Airdrieonians. The Spiders played sprightly football, and won on their merits. Their team showed changes from that of last season. The 'Onians made only one, Hart (of Parkhead) coming in at outside left for Paterson. Quite early on the Queen's were well into the picture, and when A. L. Morton ended a clever wing movement by scoring a grand goal, the Hampden boys got no more than was their due. Airdrie bucked up, and attacked hotly, but the Queen's defence was first class. Then the Glasgow men came again, and Aitken managed to get a second goal. It was rather a lucky thing, and was the result perhaps of an understanding between Bernard and Watson. The homesters reduced the leeway through Yarnell, who crowned a tidy bit of play by Hart by giving R. Ward no chance.

Play was fast and fairly interesting in the second period, and Queens' form was quite satisfactory. They went further ahead, when Aitken, taking advantage of a slip by Watson, banged on a third goal. Airdrie scored again by Anderson, and Aitken got another for Queen's. It was a hot finish, with the homesters putting on the screw hard. The 'Onians lost because they failed to finish actively. Morton, Aitken, Fulton, Cowan, Ford, and Neilson were the pick of the winners. For the losers there were no stars, and some of the players did not live up to their reputation. Queen's Park, 4; Airdrieonians, 2.

Airdrieonians—Bernard; Reid (St Mirren) and Watson; Knox, Kennedy, and Comrie; Rankin, Sam Anderson, Yarnall, Donaldson, and H. Hart (Parkhead).

Queen's Park—R. Ward; A. Ford and J. Neilson; A. Cowan, K. M'Kenzie, and Cadet A. B. Leslie; W. J. Aitken, H. M'Millan, F. Fultin, E. J. Crosswell, and A. L. Morton.

Referee—L. Wynne, Uphall.

Armadale's team against Bathgate Juniors was:—Grant; Mark (local junior) and M'Lean; Hardie, Chambers (Broxburn), and O'Brien (Broxburn); Rodden (Broxburn), Herd (Leith), Rodgerson (Hibs), Forrester (local junior), and Currie. They beat the Juniors 3-1.

THE EASTERN LEAGU

DUNDEE DEFEAT HIBS.

Dundee and Dundee Hibs met at Dens Park fore 4000 spectators. Dundee turned out team which included three of last season's Perhaps the most noteworthy feature of which in the first half greatly favour was the splendid understanding which play of the home front line. The Hib however, was only middling. Dundee minutes, Taylor netting from close range ally Hibs equalised through their inside son. Dundee pressed severely after scored a second goal, and Murray third. Near the interval Lamb, an fairly well for the first twenty minut second half, Dundee bucked up latter the finish Herron booted a fifth goal Dundee Hibs, 1.

Dundee—Bowers; Hutson and Burn G. Murray, and Stirling; Herron, Mo (Dundee Violet), L. Murray, and Lamb

Dundee Hibernian—Grieve; Rennie Ferrier, Duthy, and Spence; Bellam Boland, Outerson, and Ross.

EAST FIFE v. RAITH ROVERS.

Both teams were experimental. Rovers, who had changes in every line shorthanded, having to secure the Jim Lowther, the well-known former half-back. Raith were fortunate in only goal of the match in the first five of the game. It was a lucky goal. to Wightman, and crossing to Rougvie a hard shot, which Paterson was stop. The greater part of the first period East Fife, but the forwards were lame in finishing, missing numerous openings after the resumption Pearson (Dundee) off the field with an injured leg, and turn. The brunt of the work in consequence upon the defence, which repelled several missed attacks. A draw would have been a fair sult of the match. Both sides were strong in fence, East Fife having fully the advantage however, was lost in the attack, Rovers being a nippier lot. Paterson, in the East goal, showed all his former cleverness in saves, especially in a severe bombardment towards close. Bennet, Allan, Tonner (Dunfermline Athletic), Main, Robertson, and Johnston (a Raith juvenile) were also seen to advantage. Stewart, Robson, Rougvie, Abbot, and Wight were clever for the Rovers. Raith Rovers, East Fife, 0.

East Fife—Paterson; Bennet and Allan; Tonner, Main, and Robertson; Johnston, Macdonald, Pearson, M'Mahon, and Innes.

Raith Rovers — Kerr; Stewart and Robertson, Hutchison, Grieve, and Currie; Rougvie, Abbot, Wightman, Mackinnon, and Lowther.

DOUR GAME AT DUNFERMLINE.

It is some years since the football season opened so promisingly at Dunfermline as it did yesterday. Weather conditions of the worst possible description proved no deterrent to the spectators, who numbered about 4000. Seven minutes after the start Dunfermline opened the scoring through Locke. A minute later Mackay equalised for Cowdenbeath. Ten minutes from the interval Locke scored another goal for the Athletic, who crossed over with a lead of 2-1. At one stage in the second half the visitors had a monopoly of the play, and they had hard luck in not turning into account many raids on the Athletic defence. They eventually equalised, however, and, after another spell of even play, Duncan scored Dunfermline's third and winning goal. On the whole run of play Dunfermline deserved their win. In their forward line Locke, Cameron, and Neave excelled themselves, while Gow and Mackay were chiefly conspicuous for Cowdenbeath. Dunfermline Athletic, 3; Cowdenbeath, 2.

THE WESTERN LEAGU

ABERCORN UNLUCKY.

In the opening match at Paisley with Stevenston United, Abercorn fielded a good team, and were badly unlucky in coming out the defeated lot. Playing all through very good. Of the Paisley backs, Smillie was the better. M'Gowan, M'Dougall, and M'Murdo were very steady in the half-back line. R. Black and M'Gregor were always prominent in lead-up work, and J. Black, once he knows his confreres better, should be a dangerous centre. In the Stevenston ranks there were no fewer than three old Abercorn players, in Montgomery, Spiers, and Howie, and their play showed that Abercorn's loss has been Stevenston's gain. Other conspicuous men in the Stevenston ranks were Goldie, Hillhouse, Paton (the old St Mirren man), Graham, and Murray. On both sides the goalkeeping was at times shaky, and it was owing to a misunderstanding between Edgar and M'Lean that the United got their third goal. Howie, Goldie, and Hillhouse scored for the winners. Black for Abercorn. Stevenston United, 3; Abercorn, 1.

VALE OF LEVEN VICTORS.

About 2000 spectators watched the Vale of Leven v. Dumbarton Harp at Alexandria, in Western League match. Only two of last season's team turned out for the Vale. The Vale scored in twenty minutes, through Busby, and although Harp put up a good fight, they found Robb, the Vale goalie, a stumbling block. At the interval the Vale led by a goal to nil. In the second half Harp showed up better, but Robb stood in the way of their success. M'Lean, who is a younger brother of Davie M'Lean, added a second goal for the Vale, who deservedly won by 2-0. Best for the Vale were:—Robb, Clark, Carsewell, Morrison, Dempster, M'Lean, and Livingstone. For Harp—M'Brearty, Dempster, Meldrum, M'Callum, and Dodds.

QUOITING.

John Braid, Banknock, met J. Mitchell, Denny, at Kilsyth to-day in a match for £10. The match resulted in a win for Braid by 61-52.

M'Callum (Kirkintilloch), 61; M'Gregor (Banknock), 42—£10 match at Kirkintilloch.

Speirs, 61; Orr, 33—At Clydebank for £5 stake.

A. M'Cready and J. M'Cready, 15; A. Hart and A. Currie, 14—final of pairs competition at Gateside.

The return pitching match between Robert Reid, Longdyke, and Hector M'Kinlay, Larbert, for a stake of £20 was played at Falkirk yesterday. Result—M'Kinlay, 61; Rae, 46.

In connection with the August Fair in Darvel yesterday the local quoiters held their annual open tournament, the opening rounds of which attracted a large number of visitors. There was a good entry of 21-yards men, who, in addition to all the local cracks, included W. Watters, M'Bride, James Orr, and J. Durnie.

Darvel have run into the final of the Arnal Cup by beating Riccarton in the two games by 10 shots.

J. Spratt, New Cumnock, and D. Stewart, Springside, have fixed up a game for £25 a-side.

Alec Penman (Cappor) is forward with a challenge to play James Conolly, of Falkirk, at 21 yards distance for £20 a-side. The same man will concede John Pryde, of Boxton, twenty points in a game of 61 shots up, and will take 25 shots from Wilson, of Polmont. Charles Aitken, of Shieldhill, by Falkirk, will take replies.

Galston are Darvel's opponents in the Arnal Cup competition final. They beat Springside by 74.

George Thomson, Longcroft, met William Cleland, Haggs, in a return game for £30 at Haggs, 29th yesterday. Thomson won by 61 to 28.

PEDS. AT POWDERHALL.

A two miles handicap at Powderhall yesterday produced seventy entrants. Result:—1 (£5) Lindsay, Dreghorn (140); 2 (15s) M. Fitzpatrick, Lochore (330); 3 (5s) P. Connolly, Whitburn (350). Twenty-six ran. Betting—Evens Lindsay, 3 to 1 Fitzpatrick, 6 to 1 Connolly, 10 to 1 bar the field. Won by twenty yards; five yards between second and third. Time—9 min. 34 secs.

A hundred yards foot handicap at Powderhall yesterday afternoon in fourteen heats resulted:—1 (£5) A. Gall, Edinburgh (13½); 2 (15s) R. Waddell, Strachan, Edinburgh (16); 3 (5s) R. Gall, Edinburgh (12). Betting—2 to 1 on Gall, 3 to 1 against Strachan, 5 to 1 Waddell, 6 to 1 bar the field. Thomas, Kirkcaldy. Won by half a yard; same distance between second and third. Time—10½ secs.

ESTERDAY'S RACING.

WINNERS AT PHŒNIX PARK.

SERS AND HURDLERS' HANDICAP
LATE—One mile, seven furlongs, 160 yards.
Gainsthorpe (W. Bassett) 1
Cormac (F. Morgan) 2
Orphal 3
Doper's Green (C. Aylin) .....
ran—Picture Saint (Jose Harty), Black Devil
ran—Royal Aid (H. H. Beasley).
ting—6 to 4 against Gainthorpe, 3 to 1 Pic-
Saint and Black Devil, 8 to 1 Cormac, 100 to
per's Green, and 20 to 1 Royal Aid.
easily by two lengths; three lengths between
d and third.

FARMLEIGH PLATE.—Five furlongs.
Inconstant George (W. Barrett) 1
Cally (R. Reilly) 2
Willy Wyn (Joe Harte) 3
ran—Mexico (E. M. Quirke), Conceited (P.
Sugarey Sam (P. Duggan), Charles Martel
unon.
ting—6 to 4 against Inconstant George, 5 to
ly, 5 to 1 Mexico, 7 to 1 each Willy Wyn
Conceited, 100 to 6 others.
easily by three lengths; length and a half
en second and third.

PHŒNIX PLATE.—Five furlongs.
Bonnie Dance (Wing) 1
San Bahr (C. Aylin) 2
Ancona (W. Barrett) .....
ran—Deccaun (J. Harty), Hazelbrook (F.
Harvest Home (J. Evans), Glenmayne (W.
ans, La Pucelle (F. Hunter), Lady Alex (E.
rtal, Bay Marco (W. Beasley), Caradoc (R.
ngel, Bookie (G. Wedgwood), Empire Maker
atman), Lady Mar (Ledson), Pamprage (Sin-
Ballyrusheen (Thwaites), Insenduv (Beasley),
Rosen (J. Dine), Mount Joy (Lynch), Little
r (Marriott), Garrya (C. Foy), Stolen Oats
rd).
ting—2 to 1 against Ancona, 5 to 1 Caradoc,
each Bonnie Dance and Harvest Home, 7 to
Bahr, 8 to 1 Hazelbrook, 10 to 1 Insenduv,
1 each Deccaun, La Pucelle, and Every
33 to 1 others.
easily by a length; one and a half lengths
en second and third.

PARK SELLING HANDICAP PLATE.—
Five furlongs.
Brown Label (J. Donnelly) 1
Addiston (J. Dawson) 2
Glasebury (R. Reilly) 3
ran—Gold Vein (F. Hunter), Needlecraft (C.
Tonode (J. Dine), King Malton (N. Marriott),
(W. Williams), Mona Gough (Haynes), En-
d Prince (J. Patman).
ting—6 to 4 against Brown Label, 7 to 2
Vel., 7 to 1 Tonode, 8 to 1 each Cocher,
craft, and Leddiston, 10 to 1 Glasebury,
8 King Malton, 20 to 1 others.
by a short head; two lengths between
and third.

CAIRN HANDICAP PLATE.—Five furlongs.
Clara Bay (E. M. Quirke), ... 1
Never True (Joe Dawson), ... 2
Sapphus (J. Thwaites), ... 3
19 ran.
ran—Simon's Choice (C. Aylin), Llansinfried
nel, French G (Donoghue), The Moonstone
Merriott), Verland Rose (J. Donnelly), Forty-
Lynch), Caughnawage (M. Barrett), Espla-
(Keogh), Outburst (Jardine), Sea Otter H.
Volage Pet (Joe Harty), Frozen Mit (J.
Manœuvre (W. Beasley), Missive (J. Gray),
son (D. Ward), Killall (C. Foy).
ting—6 to 1 French G, 8 to 1 Forty-One, 10
Sea Otter, 4 to 1 Sapphus, 6 to 1 Clara Bay,
Never True, 100 to 6 others.
by three-quarters of a length; half a length
en second and third.

RICHARDTOWN HANDICAP PLATE.—One mile.
Rich Gift (Donoghue), ... 1
Lady Palotta (E. M. Quirke), ... 2
Pericardium (T. Burns), ... 3
12 ran.
*Dead heat.
ran—Cimarron (W. Barrett), Sunbridge (C.
Sulva Bay (C. Aylin), Certosa Di Pavia (F.
Geraldina (Thwaites), Grey Simon (J.
Dermot M'Carthy (D. Ward), Rosebowl
Arty), Torpedowake (J. Patman).
ting—7 to 1 Cimarron, 10 to 1 Pericardium,
Sunbridge, 3 to 1 Sulva Bay, 5 to 1 Cer-
, 4 to 1 Rich Gift, 10 to 1 Lady
, 10 to 1 Dermot M'Carthy, 6 to 1 Rose-
20 to 1 others.
beat decided. Rich Gift beat Lady
Betting—21 to 20 against Rich Gift.
by a head.

TURF TIPS.

BY THE COLONEL.

OWN MALBAY—Wednesday, August 22.
Plate—Lancelot II., nap; if absent, Madame
arth.
Plate—The Fly II., nap; if absent, Tirhugh.
Plate—Snout, nap; if absent, Archais.
Plate — Well Well, napsee; if absent,
nn.
Point Plate — St Elmo, nap; if absent,
n.

OPARDSTOWN—Friday, August 24.
erry Plate—Barto, nap; if absent, Ardlui.
ll Handicap—Salaam, nap; if absent, Medi-
.
Plate—Mohack, nap; if absent, Gilt Edge.
ate—Prince Nat, nap; if absent, Longerline.
Plate—Parley, napsee; if absent, Mount
noon.
al Plate—Henriette, nap; if absent, Moun-
Pass.
Saturday, August 25.
stown Grand Prize — Benevento, nap; if
nt, Mr Blake's selected of Elfterion and
don.
an Plate — Parley, nap; if absent, Crom
.
mme Plate — Sweet Sip, nap; if absent,
Billy.
m Plate—Josh, nap; if absent, Inconstant
ge.
Plate—Lady Palotta, napsee; if absent, I
.
Plate—Loch Dan, nap; if absent, Downey
.

STOCKTON—Friday, August 24.
d Plate—Clare colt, nap; if absent, Scat-
.
Handicap — Forum, nap; if absent,
myl.
Plate — Silver Saint, napsee; if absent,
glion.
wler Plate—South Parade, nap; if absent,
Flotte.
Plate—Pincushion filly, nap; if absent,
olans.
Plate—Tufa, nap; if absent, Swindon.
Saturday August 25.
orthern Leger—Dancellon, nap; if absent,
via.
ke Stakes—Fleurbaix, nap; if absent, The
et.
arth Handicap — Porringer, napsee; if
t, C. P.
Plate—Sanicle, nap; if absent, Halnaby.
Plate—Fewston, nap; if absent, Slippery
.
Plate—Ecurie, napsee; if absent, Eagle's
.

ORTS AT ARBROATH.

cessful series of regimental sports took
Lochlands Cricket Park, Arbroath yester-
ners in the principal events were:—
rds Race—Sergeant S. Malcolm, B Com-
elay Race—Lance-Corporal Law and Pri-
Thomson, of C Company. One Mile Cycle
hill marching orders)—Private A. Mac-
Quarter-Mile Flat Race—Private A. Mac-
Piping—Private A. Macdonald. Long
ance-Corporal Law.
A. Macdonald. Cycle Obstacle Race—Cor-
Robb, C Company. One Mile Race—
J. Matthewson, C Company. One Mile
ce—Lance-Corporal G. Dewar, D Company.
mp—Private A. Macdonald. Grenade-
—Staff Sergeant Lynn.

TROT AT GLASGOW

Thomson's Fortune Still, 2 Mr Hughes'
Still, 3 Miss Baird's Ormonde.
—7 to 4 against Fortune Still, 2 to 1
5 to 1 Diamond Still and Wee Greig, 12
ing P.

CRICKET.

B. and W. v. Cygnets.—At Moorcroft, Renfrew. Cygnets—Barson, b Oakes, 0; Brown, b Oakes, 20; Whittaker, st Duncan, b Jarvis, 4; Laurence, c Casford, b Oakes, 0; H. Haughton, b Oakes, 16; Black, not out, 16; Windfield, b Oakes, 0; Pears, b Oakes, 0; Hurst, c Reid, b Oakes, 0; Houghton, b Oakes, 0; Dealtry, c Reid, b Oakes, 0; extras, 9 —total, 65.

B. and W.—W. J. Casford, c Houghton, b Whittaker, 38; R. Reid, b Whittaker, 19; J. Oakes, b Dealtry, 25; R. Clink, c Brown, b Houghton, 34; J. Kerr, b Pears, 5; J. May, c Hurst, b Houghton, 5; G. Duncan, not out, 3; T. Herald, lbw, b Houghton, 1; H. Lee, b Houghton, 4; extras, 1—total for eight wickets, 135. Bowling for B. and W., Oakes had nine wickets for 25 runs.

DRUMPELLIER v. WEST.

Played at Coatbridge in stormy weather. Scores:—West of Scotland—D. C. Stevenson, c A. M'Millan, b Denham, 56; C. S. Wilson, b J. M'Millan, 0; H. Nizon, c Waddell, b Denham, 6; Lieut. W. F. Rees, c S. Thomson, b Denham, 10; A. Taylor, b Denham, 0; D. Ross, b Denham, 1; H. Walker, lbw, b M'Millan, 0; S. G. Cunningham, b M'Millan, 4; W. R. Drinnan, c Snell, b Denham, 0; J. W. Ferguson, lbw, b M'Millan, 2; S. Crosland, not out, 10—total, 89.

Drumpellier—A. M'Millan, b Ferguson, 13; Capt. A. P. Snell, c Nizon, b Drinnan, 15; C. Denham, b Drinnan, 17; W. W. Thomson, b Drinnan, 25; E. Reid, b Ferguson, 1; W. B. Thomson, b Ferguson, 4; A. J. J. Carter, not out, 2; extras, 4—total for six wickets, 81. Did not bat—W. W. Waddell, H. Lewin, J. M'Millan, and B. Chalmers.

POLOC v. CYGNETS.

Cygnets—Capt. Leanox, b Sandiford, 2; Cadet Tyndell, b Sandiford, 0; Cadet Oliver, b Dinsmore, 0; Cadet M'Laughlin, b Sandiford, 0; Cadet Davy, c Black, b Dinsmore, 7; Cadet Cunningham, c Black, b Dinsmore, 0; Cadet Hansard, lbw, b Sandiford, 1; Cadet Tollet, c Black, b Dinsmore, 3; Cadet Docherty, c Linton, b Sandiford, 0; Cadet Tullit, c Black, b Dinsmore, 0; Cadet Montgomery, not out, 0; extras, 1—total, 14.

Poloc—A. C. Black, c Davy, b Hansard, 55; D. C. H. Kennedy, c Cunningham, b Tullett, 12; J. Donaldson c Montgomery, b Tyndell, 18; B. H. Sandiford, b Hansard, 0; W. Linton, c Tyndell, b Hansard, 0; Lieut. J. Stuart, c Davy, b Hansard, 4; J. Galt, c Davy, b Hansard, 0; W. H. Dinsmore, not out, 16; H. Morgan, not out, 0; W. E. Gillespie and W. R. Robinson did not bat; extras, 8 —total for seven wickets, 113.

Australians and South Africans, 242 (Captain Barbour, N.S.W., 101); Army and Navy, 106. Played at Lords yesterday.

THE RING.

JIM MORTON'S NEXT.

Mr Jim Morton, the well-known manager, has arranged a splendid amateur programme for the Scottish National Club on Monday, August 27. The occasion will be a grand complimentary benefit to "Old Jim," and with seven bouts of six rounds the programme is undoubtedly what in sporting parlance is known as a "topper."

The chief event is a match between Peter M'Laughlan, Motherwell, and Tom Highlands, Southern Club. Highlands is sure to give M'Laughlan a fine contest, and there is prospect of a surprising result here if Peter should make the common error of taking his rival cheaply. The other six-round bouts are:—Pal Kennedy, Clydebank, v. Jim Burns, Motherwell; A. Fallon, Dundee, v. Joe Gilmour, Southern Club; Johnny O'Connor, Southern Club, v. An Unknown; Packy O'Connor, Southern Club, v. Joe Roberts, Govan; R. Alexander, Southern Club, v. R. Runnican, South Side; and Duncan Stark, Glasgow, v. A. N. Other. The four-round combat is between these clever midgets, F. Logan and W. Alexander.

£100 FOR FOOTBALL RESULTS.

Here is an opportunity of winning £100.

All you have to do is to forecast sixteen correct results. There is **NO NEED TO GIVE SCORES.**

The competitor who gives the sixteen correct results gets the £100. In the event of more than one competitor being correct, the prize will be divided.

If no competitor sends in a coupon giving the sixteen correct results, a Consolation Prize of £10 will be awarded to the competitor who sends in the coupon with the largest number of correct results.

In the event of more than one competitor sending in a coupon with the same number of correct results, the Consolation Prize will be divided.

On the accompanying form you will find a list of sixteen matches which are to be played on Saturday, August 25.

Strike out in ink the name of the club you think will lose. If in your opinion any game will end in a draw, leave the names of both competing teams.

In the event of any of the matches not being played or being abandoned or postponed, the prize of £100 will not be awarded, but the offer of the consolation prize will still hold.

Any number of entry forms may be enclosed in the same envelope.

Any entry form on which an alteration of any description has been made will be disqualified.

Each competitor must give his or her real address, and must write his or her signature and address in ink.

In all matters relating to this competition the Editor's decision is final and legally binding, and competitors may enter only on this understanding.

MATCHES TO BE PLAYED ON AUGUST 25.

Ayr United	v. Hamilton A.
Clyde	v. Airdrie.
Falkirk	v. Celtic.
Hibernians	v. Kilmarnock.
Morton	v. Clydebank.
Motherwell	v. Dumbarton.
Queen's Park	v. Hearts.
Rangers	v. 3d Lanark.
St Mirren	v. Partick T.
Raith Rovers	v. Dunfermline.
Dundee Hibs	v. East Fife.
Cowdenbeath	v. Armadale.
Renton	v. Vale of Leven.
Albion Rovers	v. Abercorn.
Dumbarton H.	v. Arthurlie.
Stevenston Utd.	v. Johnstone.

I enter this Competition in accordance with the printed conditions in "The Post Sunday Special," and agree to accept the published decision as final and legally binding.

Signature, ...

Address, ...

.....

.....

This competition is run in conjunction with the "Weekly News."

The Editor cannot accept responsibility for the loss or non-delivery of any entry form, and will not accept proof of postage as proof of receipt or delivery.

No correspondence can be entered into in connection with the competition.

The Editor reserves the right to disqualify any entry, but agrees not to disqualify any entry without good and sufficient reason.

Entries must be sent by post addressed to "£100 Results Editor," "The Post Sunday Special," 138 Port-Dundas Road, Glasgow, and posted so that they reach us not later than the first post on Wednesday, August 22.

STOCK EXCHANGE NOTES.

REVIVAL IN SPECULATIVE SECURITIES.

(Specially Contributed to "The Post Sunday Special.")

London, Saturday Night.

The war news from the Western front, combined with Mr Lloyd George's optimistic speech, have combined to keep the Stock Exchange in good humour, while the peace-kite flown by the Pope, although quite unacceptable to the Allies, may prove the forerunner of various attempts to end the war.

Opinion is growing steadily in favour of an issue of Premium Bonds, and, upon the whole, this would probably be the best plan, and would evidently have the least disturbing effect upon the Stock Markets.

In the meantime it is interesting to note how the Five Per Cent. War Loan stock is increasing in favour as a medium of exchange for insurance amalgamation purposes.

Revival in Speculative Securities.

It has been repeatedly pointed out in this column that the various speculative sections, by reason of their greater chances of capital appreciation, which is not subject to Income Tax, were likely to attract more and more attention on the part of investors, especially if the war were unduly prolonged. That is now happening, and very substantial advances have taken place in most of these departments.

By the way, attention might with advantage be directed to Arnold J. Van Den Bergh shares quoted at 2½, in view of the fact that a dividend and bonus, totalling 40 per cent., have just been declared for the past year.

The yield thus works out, without allowing for accrued dividend, to 16 per cent. per annum, which amply allows for all contingencies, and still leaves a substantial return to the investor.

Steady Demand for Rubber Shares.

The demand for Rubber shares has continued without pause, and business would probably be still more active if the floating supply of shares were greater.

A fresh stimulus to dealings has been given by the latest reports, and especially that of the Mergui Crown, which is paying a total dividend of 30 per cent. for the past year—an increase of 10 per cent., while working costs are coming down very substantially. At 5s 6d these 2s shares still yield over 10 per cent. per annum, and are, therefore, a good holding of the kind.

Higher up the scale is the Jeram Rubber Estates, which have increased their distribution for the past year by 2½ per cent. to 22½ per cent. These are £1 shares, quoted at 5 5-16, so that the present position is already pretty well discounted.

The advance in the fortunes of the Vallambrosa Company is undoubtedly due largely to the rapid improvement in the newer estates, and the shares, at about 24s 3d ex div., are still worthy of notice as a lock-up.

Burmahs on the Boom.

Oil shares have been a firm and rising market generally, but the chief excitement has been provided by Burmahs, which have enjoyed a boom in the course of which the price has been up to 7, and now stands at 6¾. Various interesting rumours are in circulation. One of these is to the effect that the Company will absorb the British Burmah, and the latter shares have accordingly risen to 10s 6d.

Shells have been well to the fore, around 51s 2d, and the Egyptian group has not lagged behind.

Quite a feature has been the demand for the various Trinidad descriptions, and especially for Trinidad Leaseholds, around 22s, and for Trinidad Dominions, up to 5s 7½d.

Kern Rivers have quieted down, pending their forthcoming dividend announcement.

Modderfontein Group Again Advances.

There is another rise of 1s 4d in Modder Deep and Modder "B," the latter more particularly being active. There is also a further rise in Cons. Mines Selection, but the smaller shares are rather dull.

Rhodesians Marking Time.

Although Chartered shares are somewhat firmer, El Dorado and Giants have reacted, and it is not anticipated that the revival will come until the commencement of September, when a number of shares are likely to improve.

Chartered will probably lead the improvement.

Another Sharp Rise in Silver.

Silver has taken another jump to 44d for bars. So far, only Burmah Corporation shares have benefited by this rise.

Fall in Copper—Tin Irregular.

Copper has been reduced this week by £5 to £120 5s for cash, but this has not affected Copper Mines to any extent, the only share which has suffered being Hampden Cloncurry, the rest being steady.

Tin has become very irregular in its movements, and, after a slight attempt at an improvement, has relapsed again to £244 5s for cash.

Nigerians are still fairly steady, but Cornish Mines are rather easier.

AMATEUR ATHLETES AT ARDROSSAN.

The annual sports of Ardrossan Amateur Athletic Club were held at Winton Park, Ardrossan, yesterday. Principal results:—100 Yards Naval and Military (confined)—1 A. Payne, 2 T. Climo. Tug-of-War Final—Acids Department (Nobel's) beat Hyslop's Five (West Kilbride) after extra pull. 300 Yards Naval and Military Race (confined)—1 A. Payne, 2 A. Allan, 3 Gunner Bolland. 100 Yard (open) Final—1 J. B. Steele, Eglinton Harriers (6½); 2 Sergt. J. Hall, P.R.B. (8½); 3 Sapper Cameron (7). Time, 10 3-5 seconds. Half-Mile (open) Final—1 S. Small, Bellahouston Harriers (12); 2 A. Mair, B.H. (30); 3 W. D. Weir, Eglinton Harriers (42). Time, 2 minutes, 4⅕ seconds. 100 Yards Naval and Military (open) Final—1 Sapper Cameron, R.E. (7); 2 Sergt. J. Hall, P.R.B. (8½); 3 Sergt. J. W. Gutteridge, R.S.F. (2½). Time, 10 2-5 seconds. One Mile Inter-Club Relay Race (invitation)—1 Maryhill Harriers, 2 Eglinton Harriers. Two Mile Walk—1 R. H. Mathew, E.H. (105); 2 Peter Farmer, M.H. (320); 3 J. B. Kyle, E.H. (190). Time, 14 minutes 22 seconds. One Mile (open)—1 J. C. Macdonald, Glenpark Harriers (60); 2 A. Mair (85); 3 J. Morrison, E.H. (105). Time, 4 minutes 31 seconds. 220 Yards (open) Final—1 J. B. Taylor, E.H. (17); 2 R. Crawford, E.H. (12); 3 D. S. Summers, B.H. (18). Time, 23 2-5 seconds. Obstacle Race (final)—1 Sergt. J. W. Gutteridge, R.S.F.; 2 J. B. Craig, B.H.; 3 J. Spalding, West of Scotland Harriers.

ANGLING ON LOCHLEVEN.

Lochleven, Saturday.

The weather was very unfavourable, there being heavy thunder showers and thunder. The following were the catches in the afternoon:—

Mr M'Gregor, Perth, and Mr Howth, Kelty, 22 trout (12 lbs. 8 oz); Mr M'Culloch, Falkirk, 14 trout (13 lbs. 8 oz.); Corpl. Shaw, six trout (8 lbs); Mr Glendinning and Mr Watt, Auchterloch, seven trout (5 lbs.); Mr Scrimgeour, Newport, and Mr Baxter, Broughty Ferry, 25 trout (24 lbs.); Mr Donaldson and Mr Laurie, Carnwath, 17 trout (17 lbs.); Mr J. G. Graham, Leith, eight trout (8 lbs. 4 oz.); Major Stirling, Haddington, four trout (5 lbs. 4 oz.); Mr Kinmont, Edinburgh, four trout (6 lbs.); Sir Thomas Dunlop, seven trout (8 lbs.); Messrs Dunburn, eight trout (7 lbs.).

In the evening the weather was too cold for sport. The best catches were made by Mr Pollok, Cowdenbeath, nine trout (9 lbs.); Mr Macnab, Kinross, eight trout (6 lbs. 8 oz.); and Mr Ramsay, Lassodie, five trout (4 lbs. 8 oz.).

The Kilmarnock players wore mourning bands yesterday for the late Corpl. Slimmon.

Jamie Hay, the ex-Celt, got a cheer from admirers at Parkhead when he appeared for Ayr United.

BANISH HAIR POVERTY

How to Rid Yourself of Falling Hair and Dandruff, and secure Healthy, Radiant, Abundant Hair.

1,000,000 "HARLENE HAIR-DRILL" OUTFITS FREE.

Remarkable interest has been aroused by the ever-increasing number of cases of hair troubles reported from all over Great Britain. Thousands of men and women are finding Hair Poverty, Premature Baldness, and Loss of Colour troubling them to-day as never before.

Are War conditions responsible for all this? Actually in many cases they are.

DO NOT NEGLECT YOUR HAIR.

The Discoverer-Inventor of "Harlene" and "Harlene Hair Drill," when his opinion was sought, had much of interest to impart.

"There is certainly a great increase lately in all kinds of hair troubles," he said, "but this is chiefly due to the fact that many people do not realise how simple a task it is to make the hair wonderfully bright and healthy. There are hundreds of thousands who are suffering from hair weakness due to the anxiety, worry, and overwork of these trying times, which could so speedily be remedied if they would only accept the Free Gift I am prepared to offer."

1. A bottle of "Harlene," the true liquid food and tonic for the hair.
2. A packet of the marvellous hair and scalp cleansing "Cremex" Shampoo Powder which prepares the head for "Hair-Drill."
3. A bottle of "Uzon" Brilliantine, which gives a final touch of beauty to the hair, and is especially beneficial to those whose scalp is inclined to be "dry."
4. A copy of the new edition of the "Hair-Drill" Manual, giving complete instructions.

Does your hair fall out when you comb and brush it in the morning? If so, this is a sign of hair weakness that can be overcome by a two-minutes-a-day Healthy Hair Exercise.

You may possess a healthy head of hair, abundant, bright, beautiful, if you adopt the popular remedy for all hair weakness. Test "Harlene Hair-Drill" Free by sending the Special Gift Coupon below to-day, as directed.

IMPROVE YOUR HAIR FREE.

Why not decide to-day to banish hair poverty for ever? Why wear attenuated, thin, impoverished, lifeless locks of hair, when all the rich sparkle and abundance of hair in its natural healthy condition is yours for the asking?

There is no reason why any woman should not possess masses of waving tresses. Men, too, will find they can add to their smart appearance by following the "Harlene Hair-Drill method.

Don't continue to suffer from Scalp Irritation, Complete or Partial Baldness, Thin or Falling Hair, Over-Greasiness, Scurf or Dandruff, Unruly Wiry Hair.

ACCEPT THIS WONDERFUL GIFT.

There is no restriction to this gift distribution. Write to-day, enclosing the Free Coupon, and you will receive the Gift parcel, comprising:—

The effect of "Harlene" on the hair gives to the face a refined beauty and distinction that would be altogether impossible with weak or artificially made-up hair.

After a Free Trial you will be able to obtain supplies of "Harlene" from your chemist at 1/1½, 2/9, or 4/9 per bottle. (In solidified form for Soldiers, Sailors, Travellers, etc., at 2/9 per tin with full directions.) "Uzon" Brilliantine costs 1/- and 2/6 per bottle, and "Cremex" Shampoo 1/- per box of seven shampoos (single packets 2d each).

Any or all of the preparations will be sent post free on receipt of price direct from Edwards' Harlene, Ltd., 20, 22, 24, and 25, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1. Carriage extra on foreign orders. Cheques and P.O.s should be crossed.

FREE GIFT COUPON

Detach and post to EDWARDS' HARLENE, Ltd., 20, 22, 24, & 25, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me your Free "Harlene" Four-Fold Hair-Growing Outfit as described in "The Sunday Post," Aug. 19, 1917. I enclose 4d. in stamps for postage to any part of the world. (Foreign stamps accepted.)

NOTE TO READER.

Write your full name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this Coupon to it, and post as directed above.

"THE PROVIDENTIAL DISCOVERY THAT HAS NEVER FAILED."

Through incessant recommendations of those cured, the demand is so overwhelming that every Steamer is rapidly exhausted. If your Chemist is unfortunately sold out you can send Postal Order for 3s or 5s to 642 Camberwell Grove, London, S.E.5., and bottle will be sent by return of post.

LUNG TROUBLE & CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, CATARRH, Whooping Cough, Children's Cough.

"THE DISEASES THAT BAFFLE THE DOCTORS."

The marvellous specific "Liq-u-fruta" that never fails—

—CHRONIC ASTHMA OF EVEN 20 YEARS' STANDING	
—TERRIBLE RACKING BRONCHITIS	
—LUNG TROUBLE WHEN SANATORIA AND MEDICAL TREATMENT HAD FAILED	
—BLOOD SPITTING	—DIFFICULT BREATHING
—BRONCHIAL CATARRH	—QUINSY —CROUP
—PNEUMONIA	—NASAL CATARRH
—LARYNGITIS	—RACKING COUGH
—NIGHT SWEATS	—CHOKING PHLEGM
—INFLUENZA	—EMPHYSEMA

OVER 1,000,000 PRAISE "LIQ-U-FRUTA."

It will remove any case of Asthma or Bronchitis, it will strengthen your lungs and enable you to breathe more freely and efficiently. It will banish every germ of weakness or disease from your throat, nose, and respiratory organs. It arrests even the deadly ravages of Tuberculosis and has banished every trace of Consumption from the lungs of thousands. Instant relief is experienced.

"IT SAVED MY ONLY SON'S LIFE."

My only son lay at the point of death, suffering from Lung Trouble, and my doctor told me that I must be prepared for the end.

Then it was that I discovered "LIQ-U-FRUTA," and miraculously saved his life.

(Signed) W. HOME-NEWCOMBE.

Mrs Furness, of St Helens, who was as ill as she could be—suffering from Consumption and sent home as incurable to die; this was after she had tried doctor after doctor; and also underwent Infirmary treatment; they told her she was suffering from Tuberculosis and Phthisis, in other words Consumption, the "disease that baffles the doctors." She took to her bed and became bedfast and gave up hope. She turned her face to the wall, and waited for death to claim her; then a wonderful thing happened; a friend sent for "LIQUFRUTA" and—but let her tell her story in her own words, dated July 20th, 1917. "I was indeed very ill, and had been for years, but under the Doctor I got no better, so I decided to enter the Royal Infirmary, and one Doctor said I was suffering from Tuberculosis and another Phthisis, and still another Consumption. I was failing in health all the time, and still getting worse, so after 9 months' treatment I had to go home, and I took to my bed and was bedfast for nearly 6 months; then it was I commenced

as supplied to the Household of H.M. the King at Windsor Castle.

'LIQUFRUTA' at the earnest request of a friend, and glad I am that I did, for it has cured me. I am now going about as usual doing my work, doing all my own errands, with no night sweats, no cough, and no phlegm, and taking long walks to the town and back without the least fatigue. This is what 'LIQUFRUTTA' did for me." Just as in the case of this lady, no matter how long you have suffered, no matter if the trouble is Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, Nasal Catarrh, or Whooping Cough, no matter how many "remedies" you have tried without avail, "LIQUFRUTA," THE MIGHTY HEALER, will relieve or cure you if you will only give it a fair trial.

A COUGH AND "LIQ-U-FRUTA" CANNOT EXIST TOGETHER

"Liq-u-fruta" is gladly supplied by all the 580 Branches of Boots' Cash Chemists, Glasgow Apothecaries, Cockburn & Co., and all Chemists and Stores, 1/3, 3/-, and 5/-, or direct and Post Free from Mr W. Heme-Newcombe, 642 Camberwell Grove, London, S.E.5, for remittance in stamps or postal orders. For 2d. in stamps my book "Worth its Weight in Gold," published at 1/-, will be sent Post Free.

Liqufruta

CURES EVERYTHING WITH A COUGH IN IT.

The Post Sunday Special

SUNDAY, AUGUST 19, 1917.

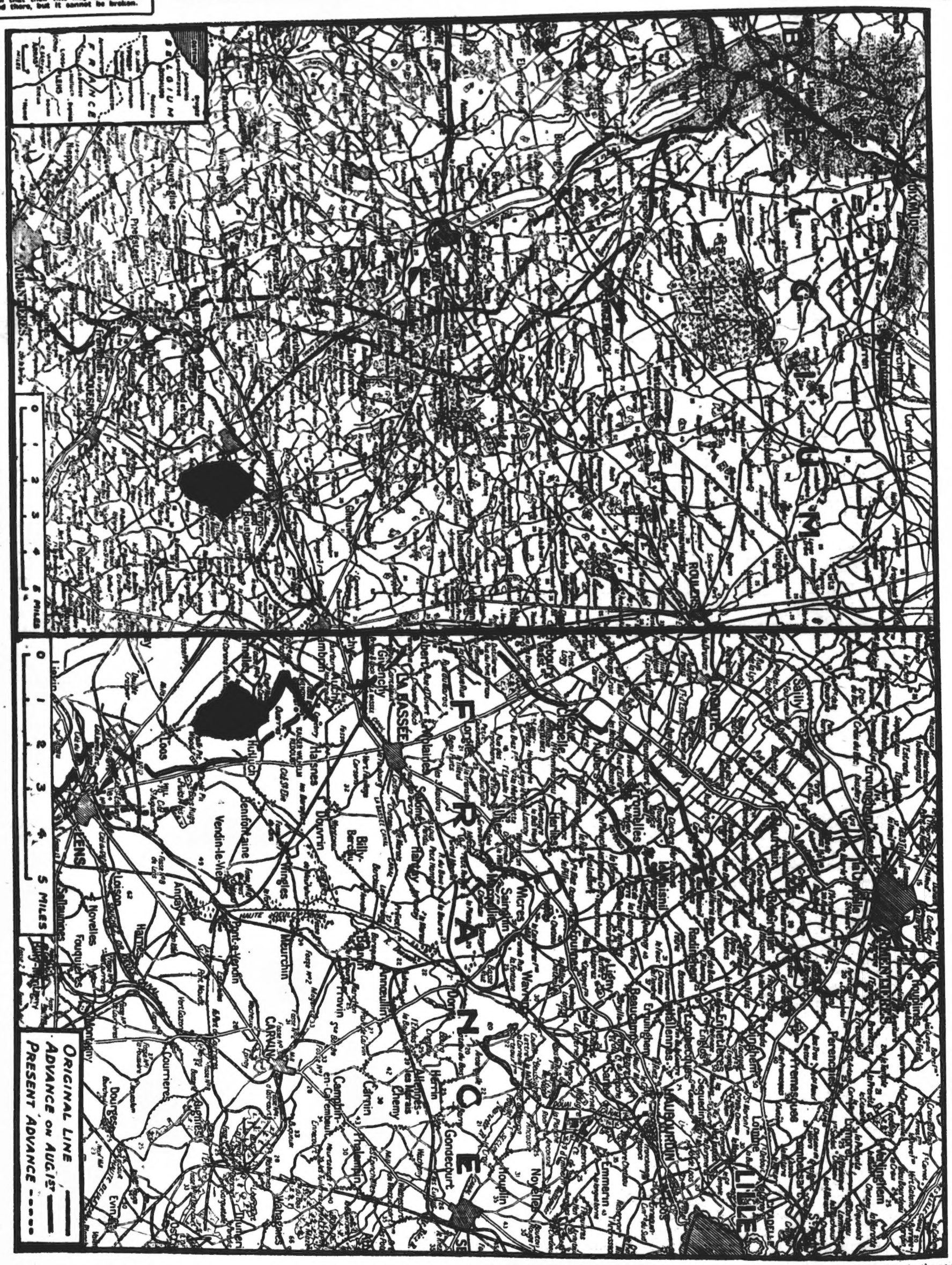
THE BIG ALLIED THRUSTS AROUND YPRES AND LENS

SIR DOUGLAS HAIG'S HARD BLOWS.

Sir Douglas Haig's new thrusts in combination with the French on a wide front north and east of Ypres followed the brilliant series of operations carried out a little earlier in the week by the Canadians between Lens and Lens. With the greatest of gallantry the Canadians stormed the immense fortress system of Hill 70 and pushed far around Lens on the northern side. It really means that the enemy has just sustained from Sir Douglas Haig right-handed and left-handed blows on the face. The Germans are extremely nervous, and their press is warning the people that "hours of the worst hardships for Germany are about to come." The German press is, however, trying to soothe the Huns at home by telling them that their line may be bent here and there, but it cannot be broken.

THE COAL MINES OF LENS.

The gradual liberation of the Lens coalfield by the British drave attention to the enormous national and economic interest of this particular area. The valuable products of this district are not new of much use to the Germans, for our guns almost entirely dominate the fifteen collieries, pieces or agglomerations which constitute the mines of Lens. These are at Lens itself, at Liévin, Avion, Haisnes, Wingles, Vendin, Loos, and Hulluch. Since October 4, 1914, this valuable minefield has been on the line of fire, a condition which must have caused considerable damage to it, apart from any wilful destruction by the Huns. It will be a long time before the restarting of the mines can be expected. Even if the damage caused by inundation and the destruction of machinery were less than anticipated, it can scarcely be hoped to have coals from Lens before the end of next winter.



These sectional maps show the Allied battle line from the Dixmude to the Lens area, the first indicating the front as far down as the Armentieres district, and the second continuing the line to the neighbourhood of Lens. In the first instance the original battle front is given, and then, secondly, the extent of the advance on August 1 from Bixschoote to the area of Warneton. Beyond this the dotted lines and arrows show the latest pushes—by the French to the extreme north of Ypres towards Dixmude, and by the British around Langemarcke and Zonnebeke, whilst the second great battle towards Lens, where the Canadians made their big push, is also shown by a dotted line and arrows. The arrows, of course, give an indication of the direction in which the Allied Forces are going. (Copyright, "Geographia," Ltd., 55 Fleet Street, London, E.C.)

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